

EERIE COMICS

AN
AVON
COMIC

10^c

NO. 1



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



LONESOME JOE
FINDS THE
TUNE TO
POPULARITY!!

THERE GOES THE
GANG AGAIN AND
HERE I AM ALONE!

WE HAD A KEEN
TIME BUT COULDN'T
DO ANY DANCING
THERE WASN'T
ANY MUSIC!!

DOPE! HERE'S THE
ANSWER - A "HOT LICK"
SLIDE FLUTE, AND A
CLARIFLUTE" FOR \$1.98 AND
I CAN LEARN QUICKLY!

THANKS PAL! 15 MINUTES
FROM NOW AND I'LL BE A
DIFFERENT MAN.

HE'S
WONDERFUL!!
TERRIFIC
DON'T
STOP
305
GEE JOE, YOU CAN
SURE PLAY THAT
CLARI-FLUTE!

LEARN TO PLAY BOTH
IN JUST 15 MINUTES
TRIPLE BARGAIN!!

YOUR "HOT LICK" SLIDE FLUTE -
CLARI-FLUTE AND MUSIC -

ALL FOR
\$1.98

HOT LICK SLIDE FLUTE
CLARIFLUTE

What a sensation! Imagine being able to play not just one instrument but two, in as little as 15 minutes!

Even if you have never played an instrument before, never read a note in your life, you can quickly learn to play hot "jive" music or classical almost as fast as you can read the easy, simplified instruction course, absolutely free with your "HOT LICK" SLIDE FLUTE and CLARIFLUTE.

AS SIMPLE AS READING CREATING A SENSATION EVERYWHERE

In practically no time at all you should be able to master any of thousands of songs, including patriotic, popular or classical pieces . . . no long hours of studying, no tedious lessons. These beautiful, all-plastic, full octave chromatic instruments produce professional-like tones by simply blowing in them and following the simple fingering instructions. They help you to entertain your friends, will provide wonderful companions during your spare time. You'd expect to pay \$2.00 for each of these instruments . . . now, for a limited time only, they can both be yours for only \$1.98, plus the free simplified instruction course and song book. Don't delay, order now while they are still available!

FREE

You don't risk a single cent to learn to play the "HOT LICK" SLIDE FLUTE and CLARIFLUTE. Try them at home for 5 days and, if you are not already playing real music, return them for full refund. Send no money . . . rush the coupon NOW!

CASPER GARBER, Studio 4
72 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

CASPER GARBER, Studio 4

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Rush immediately both the "HOT LICK" SLIDE FLUTE and the CLARIFLUTE plus Free Instruction and Song Book. On arrival I will deposit with postman only \$1.98 plus postage. If I am not 100% satisfied after 5 days trial, I will return for refund.
 I am enclosing \$1.98 in full payment, same guarantee.

Name

Address

City Zone State

Note: Canadian and foreign orders \$2.25 in advance.

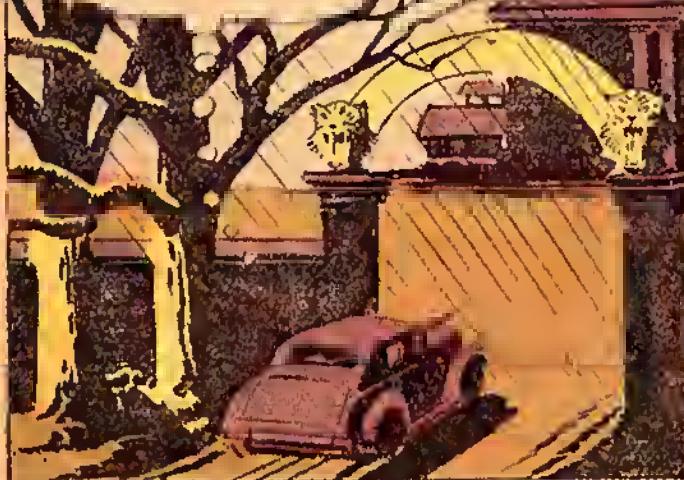
THE EYES OF THE TIGER



CARL CATTLER LOVED BEASTS OF THE FELINE STRIPE, AND THEY RETURNED THIS AFFECTION...FOR THE MOST PART. EVERYTHING WAS LOVEY-DOVEY UNTIL CARL MADE ONE SERIOUS MISTAKE! AFTER THAT, HE SAW NOTHING BUT THE "EYES OF THE TIGER"!

WHAT AN AFTERNOON TO MAKE AN INSURANCE CALL!-- I HEAR THIS CATTLER'S A QUEER BIRD....FANCIES CATS. WELL, I WON'T STAY LONG. JUST LISTEN TO HIS TICKER AND GO!

S-SAY!...HE IS ECCENTRIC! WHOEVER HEARD OF PUTTING A STUFFED TIGER OUT ON THE LAWN?!!...I'LL BE GLAD WHEN **THIS** VISIT'S OVER.



HOW THE DEVIL LONG MUST I KEEP KNOCKING? MAYBE MY INSURANCE PATIENT IS DEAD ALREADY?...



WORST LUCK!--HE ISN'T DEAD. BUT FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM IT WON'T BE LONG...!
YOU'D BE DOCTOR MANTON, WOULDN'T YOU? OF COURSE. COME INSIDE, DOCTOR, AND WARM YOURSELF BY THE FIRE.



IF YOU DON'T MIND, MR. CATTLER I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE YOU AT ONCE. I'VE LITTLE TIME TO WASTE...

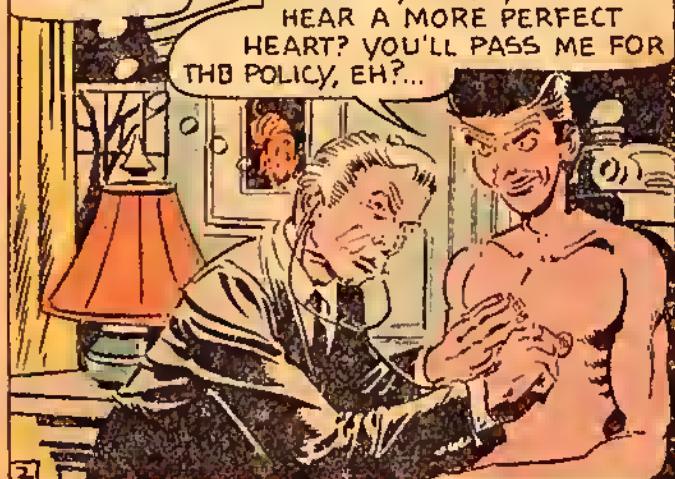
BUT OF COURSE, DOCTOR! WHAT ELSE ARE YOU HERE FOR?--HEH! HEH! I WARN YOU, I'M TERRIBLY HEALTHY. DON'T FIND ANYTHING WRONG WITH ME!



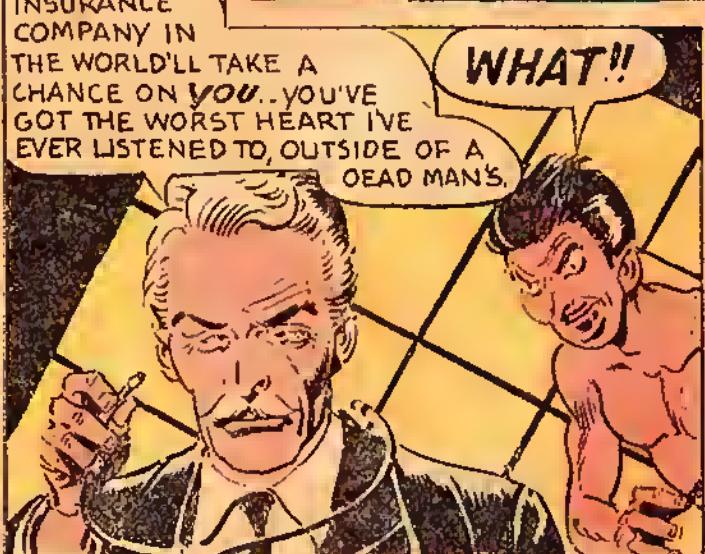
NOT ONLY DON'T I LIKE CATTLER, BUT I DON'T LIKE HIS **HEART**! IT'LL BLOW LIKE A FUSE UNDER THE SLIGHTEST STRAIN!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY, EH? ISN'T THAT A PERFECT

BODY? DID YOU EVER HEAR A MORE PERFECT HEART? YOU'LL PASS ME FOR THE POLICY, EH?...



I SHOULD SAY **NOT**...NO INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON **YOU**.. YOU'VE GOT THE WORST HEART I'VE EVER LISTENED TO, OUTSIDE OF A DEAD MAN'S.



YOU CAN'T DO THIS
TO ME! I WON'T
LET YOU! I
MUST HAVE
THAT
POLICY!

WHY MUST YOU? ACCORDING
TO YOUR APPLICATION YOU
HAVE NO FAMILY, REMOTE
OR CLOSE. WHO COULD YOU
LEAVE YOUR MONEY TO?



TO CATS! TO
THOSE I LOVE
BEST!...CATS!
CATS! CATS!

NOT ONLY ARE YOU UNFIT
PHYSICALLY FOR A POLICY,
CATTLED, BUT YOU'RE
MENTALLY UNFIT! YOU'RE
PLUMB CRAZY, MAN....
GOOD DAY!



CRAZY, AM I? I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S
CRAZY!..OUT, FLAME...! AND STAND IN
FRONT OF THE DOOR!



G-GREAT HEAVENS!
A TIGER!..WH-WHERE...
HOW?

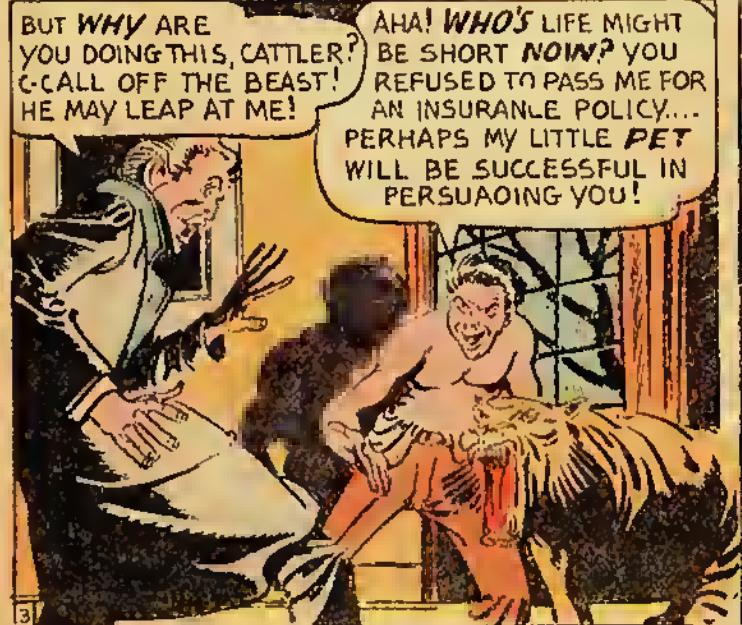
MEET MY
"BENEFICIARY,"
DOCTOR MANTON!

BUT DON'T SHAKE HANDS WITH
HIM!..HEH HEH! YOU MAY
NOT GET YOUR
HAND BACK!



BUT WHY ARE
YOU DOING THIS, CATTLED?
CALL OFF THE BEAST!
HE MAY LEAP AT ME!

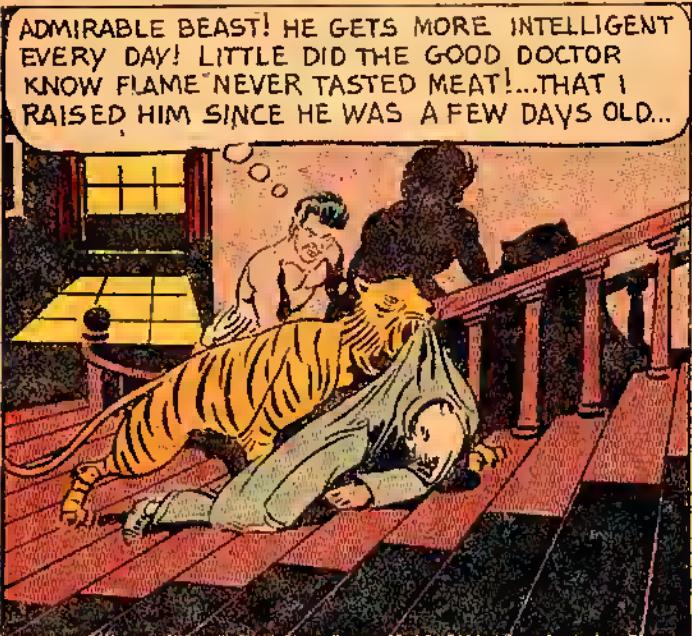
AHA! WHO'S LIFE MIGHT
BE SHORT NOW? YOU
REFUSED TO PASS ME FOR
AN INSURANCE POLICY....
PERHAPS MY LITTLE PET
WILL BE SUCCESSFUL IN
PERSUADING YOU!



C-CALL HIM OFF,
CATTLED...CALL HIM
OFF-F! HE'S GOING
FOR ME!

OF COURSE HE IS, DOCTOR!
--HE LIKES YOU! HA HA!
NOW IF YOU LIKE HIM IN
RETURN, AND PASSED ME
FOR THE POLICY, HE
WOULDN'T GROW TOO
"AFFECTIONATE"!





BUT DURING THE NIGHT, FATE UNCOVERS ONE OF CATTLER'S FEET AND FLAME BECOMES INTERESTED IN ITS STARK, BLUE-VEINED WHITENESS...



CATTLER WAKES UP, AWARE OF A STRANGE TINGLING IN HIS FOOT....

W-WHAT TH--? FLAME! HE'S LICKING MY FOOT! ... MY FOOT'S ALL BLOODY-FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, FLAME'S TASTED BLOOD!



WHAT IF HE SHOULD USE HIS TEETH INSTEAD OF HIS TONGUE? I MUST TAKE MY FOOT AWAY BEFORE HE REVERTS TO HIS BESTIAL NATURE!



BUT AS CATTLER MOVES TO WITHDRAW HIS LEG, FLAME MOVES TO KEEP IT THERE... WITH HIS STEEL CLAWS!

THIS ISN'T FLAME ANYMORE! IT'S A TIGER... A TIGER WHO WON'T BE SATISFIED TILL HE TASTES MY THROAT'S BLOOD!



THIS REVOLVER I KEEP AGAINST BURGLARS, WILL COME IN HANOY! FLAME NEVER HEARD A REVOLVER SHOT BEFORE--IF I'M LUCKY, HE'LL FEEL ONE NOW!



CURSE MY SHAKING HAND! I ONLY GRAZED HIM! GOT TO GET OUT OF THE ROOM BEFORE HE RECOVERS FROM HIS FRIGHT!





MOMENTS LATER...WITH POUNDING HEART!

NO SOUND. NOT EVEN A GROWL OF
PAIN. YET FLAME'S BLOOD IS SEEPING
OVER THE THRESHOLD! HE **MUST**
BE DEAD!

BUT HOW CAN HE BE DEAD...WHEN I-
SEE HIS **EYES** STARING AT ME!



EVERYWHERE!...**FLAME'S EYES**... STARING AT ME!
ACCUSING ME!

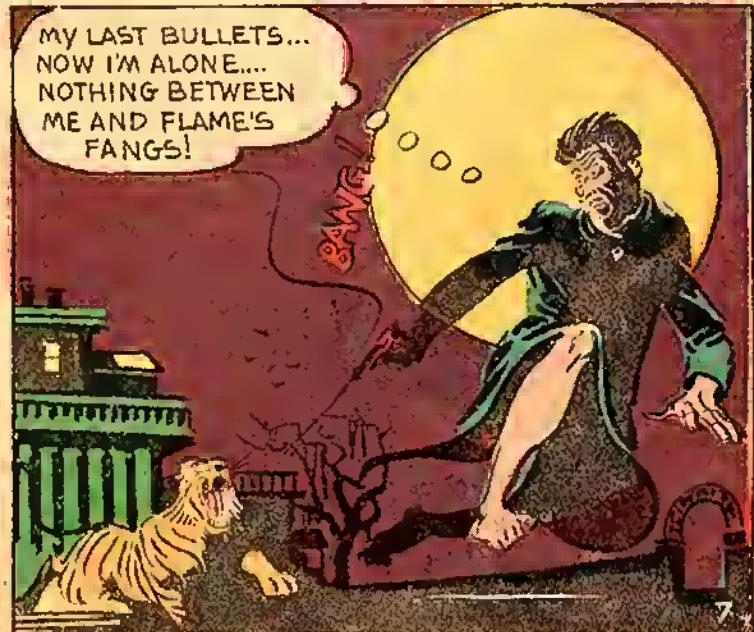
I'LL GET RID OF THEM!...I'LL SHUT THEM...**FOREVER!**
I'LL KILL THEM AGAIN!
AND AGAIN!

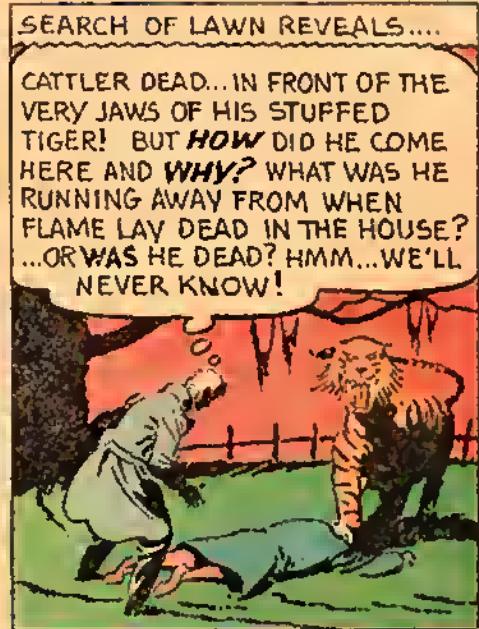
FLAME! THEN YOU AREN'T DEAD?! YOU'RE NOT IN THE HOUSE, BEHIND THE BLUEROOM DOOR,...YOU'RE HERE...ALIVE!



AIEEE!...YOU'RE ALIVE!
BULLETS DON'T KILL YOU!

MY LAST BULLETS...
NOW I'M ALONE....
NOTHING BETWEEN
ME AND FLAME'S
FANGS!





DEAD MAN'S TALE



IT IS PROPER TO BEGIN THIS DEAD MAN'S TALE
AT THE UNDERTAKER'S, WHERE...

GENTLY, GENTLY...
YOU ARE CARRYING
A GREAT MAN!

I'LL SAY HE'S GREAT! THE
STIFF WEIGHS A TON. WHATSA
MATTER YOU ALWAYS GET DEAD
GIANTS, BOSS? AIN'T THERE NO
DEAD MIDGETS?

THESE SOCIETY BOYS
SURE DRESS FANCY.
WHERE WAS HE GOING
TO A MASQUARADE?

NOW, YOU DOPE! MR.
MORGAN WAS ON A
FOX-HUNT WHEN HE
DROPPED DEAD...



DID GUY DROP DEAD?
DIS GIANT OF A GUY?
WHY HE COULD BUST ME
IN TWO WITH HIS
PINKIES!

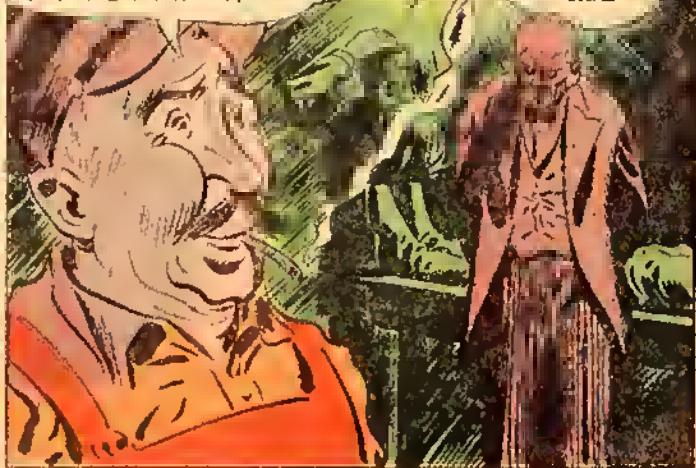
WHO KNOWS?—
EXCEPT THE CORPSE?
AND CORPSES DON'T
SPEAK. WHO SHOULD
KNOW BETTER THAN
I??



YA AIN'T GONNA START
EMBALMIN' HIM TILL WE
HAVE SUPPER? AW, BOSS,
IT'S A NIGHT'S JOB...LET'S
GO OUT AND BUY US SOME
ENERGY FIRST!

SURE, BOSS.. MORGAN
AIN'T GONNA RUN
AWAY!

VERY
WELL!



BOY, DOES THE UNDERTAKING
BUSINESS GIVE YOU AN AP-
PETITE!...AM I GONNA TEAR
UP A JUICY STEAK!

DEATH....DEATH
EVERWHERE. WHAT
IS LIFE BUT A
PREPARATION FOR
DEATH?



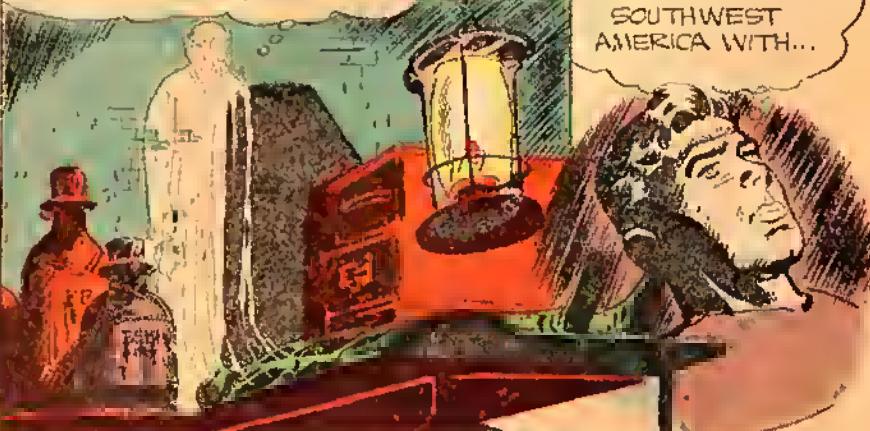
HOW TRUE ARE YOUR WORDS, MR. UNDERTAKER. HOW TRUE IT IS THAT ALL MY LIFE I WAS PREPARING MYSELF FOR THIS!...BUT YOU SAID THE DEAD DON'T TALK, DIDN'T YOU?...



PERHAPS THEY DON'T...TO THE
LIVING, BUT THE DEAD THINK...
AND ISN'T THINKING A CERTAIN
KIND OF TALKING? OF COURSE
IT IS!



HOW DIFFERENT YOU LOOK FROM THE
MYRON MORGAN YOU USED TO BE!...IS
IT ANY WONDER?...THEN YOU WERE
ALIVE...REMEMBER? REMEMBER
THAT SCORCHING DAY IN THE MOJAVE
DESERT TEN YEARS AGO?



YES—I REMEMBER
CLEARLY. I WAS A
POOR SALESMAN
THEN, I HAD AN
OLD RATTLETRAP
TO CRAWL AROUND
SOUTHWEST
AMERICA WITH...

"I REMEMBER PULLING INTO THAT LITTLE GAS STATION NEAR DEAD MAN'S RUT. WHAT A DAY IT WAS... I THOUGHT I WAS BEING ROASTED ALIVE!"

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS SODA WAS COLD! WHY, MY RADIATOR'S COLDER THAN THIS FOUL-TASTING BOTTLED POLLUTION!

CAN'T HELP IT, MISTER. I'M GIVIN' YOU WHAT I GOT. DON'T HAVE TO DRINK IT IF YOU DON'T WANT. WELL, YOUR CAR'S ABOUT READY!



SURE IT'S READY—READY FOR THE JUNKPILE!—

HEY, MISTER... DON'T THROW YOUR BOTTLE AWAY! GIVE US SOME OF IT... ME THROATS AS DRY AS A TEETOTALER'S GIZZARD!



LIKE SOUP, ISN'T IT?... ONLY THING MISSING IS NOODLES!

IF I USE MY IMAGINATION, I KIN TASTE THEM, TOO... (GULP!)



YOU BEIN' SO KIND, MISTER... HOW ABOUT GIVIN' US A RIDE? IT'S A LONG WAY I'M TRAVELING AND EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS ME PUPPIES!

IF YOU'RE WILLING TO RISK YOUR LIFE RIDING IN THIS BROKEN-DOWN VOLCANO, IT'S OKAY BY ME. I CAN SEE YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, IF I WAS YOU, MISTER... I ALWAYS KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'!



A HALF HOUR LATER... THE WORST HAPPENS...

CURSE MY LUCK AND CURSE YOU FOR ADDING TO THE ROTTENNESS OF IT! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BE A JINX!

ME DEAR SIR, ME A JINX? WHY, I'M JUST A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING BUM, BUMMIN' A RIDE....!



LOOK AT THE CURSED THING BLOW - CURSE THE CAR!..CURSE THE WORLD!.. CURSE ME!..I'M LICKED!... LICKED!

NOW, NOW, THING'RE NOT THAT BAD. MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU, YOU HAVIN' BEEN SO KIND TA ME BEFORE!



YOU HELP ME? A WORTHLESS TRAMP? WHAT CAN YOU DO EXCEPT STAND AROUND AND GRIN YOUR STUPID GRIN?

PLENTY! WANNA SEE WHAT? SURE YA DO, YA GIVE ME A DRINK A LITTLE WHILE BACK WHEN I WAS THIRSTY. NOW I'VE GOT A LITTLE DRINK FOR YOU!



TAKE ONE SWIG OF THIS STUFF AND YER CAR'LL RUN LIKE A ROLLS-ROYCE. MAYBE IF YA WISH A LITTLE HARDER, IT'LL TURN INTO A ROLLS-ROYCE!

IF I WANT TO GET DRUNK AND SEE THE WORLD UP-SIDE DOWN, YOU DON'T HAVE TO TEACH ME HOW. GET THAT FILTHY BOTTLE OUT OF MY SIGHT!



YA THINK THIS'S FIREWATER? YER NUTS, MISTER, THIS'S IS WITCH-DOCTOR STUFF!... SNAKE OIL! THE INDIAN CHIEF WHAT GIVE IT TO ME SAYS YA TAKE A SWALLOW, MAKES A WISH, AND THE WISH COMES TRUE!



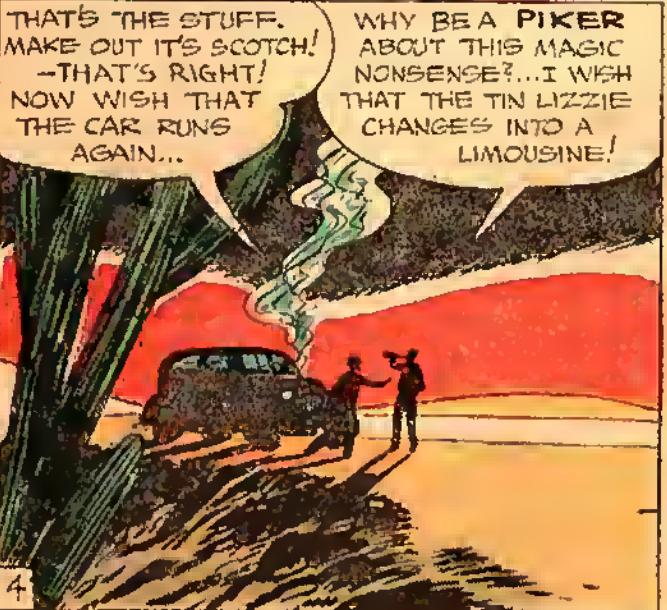
GO AHEAD... TAKE A SWIG! WHATCHA GOT TA LOSE? IF YA DON'T LIKE THE TASTE SPIT IT OUT. BUT DON'T FORGET TO WISH AS YA WET YER WHISTLE.

YOU'RE RIGHT... I'VE NOTHING AT ALL TO LOSE. IN FACT, IF THERE'S POISON IN THE BOTTLE, I'LL BE SATISFIED, TOO!



THAT'S THE STUFF. MAKE OUT IT'S SCOTCH! -THAT'S RIGHT! NOW WISH THAT THE CAR RUNS AGAIN...

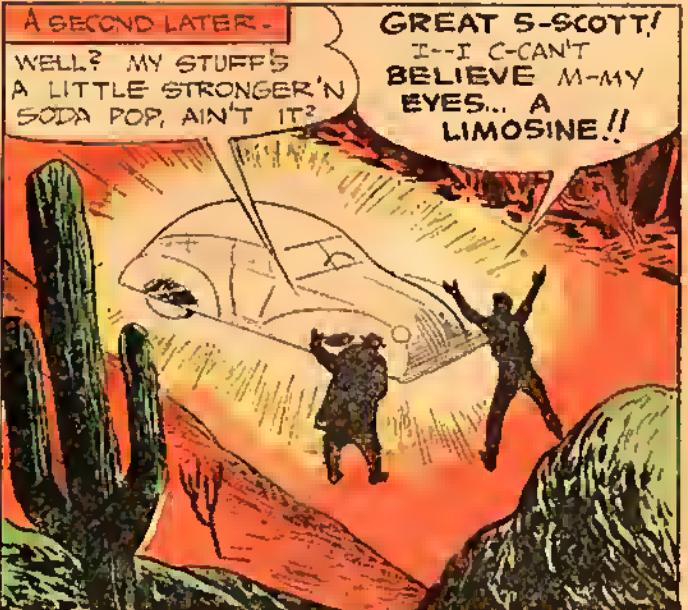
WHY BE A PIKER ABOUT THIS MAGIC NONSENSE?...I WISH THAT THE TIN LIZZIE CHANGES INTO A LIMOUSINE!



A SECOND LATER...

WELL? MY STUFF'S A LITTLE STRONGER'N SODA POP, AIN'T IT?

GREAT S-SCOTT! I--I C-CAN'T BELIEVE M-MY EYES... A LIMOSINE!!



I DON'T KNOW
HOW IT'S DONE--
AND I DON'T
CARE! ALL I'M
ASKING IS, WHAT'S
THE HITCH?...
WHAT'S THE
CATCH?

HITCH? ME
DEAR SIR,
I DON'T CALL IT
A "HITCH"
WHEN YOU
TAKE A
DRINK AND
GET WHAT-
EVER YOU
WANT!

YOU JUST GOTTA BE CARE-
FUL O' **ONE** THING, THO....
NEVER LET **ALL** THE LIQUID
GET OUTA THE BOTTLE!
THE DAY THERE AIN'T NO
MORE DRINK LEFT... **THAT**
DAY, YOU DIE!

WHAT I COULDN'T
DO IF THIS STUFF
WERE MINE....
WAIT-WHO CAN
PREVENT ME FROM
MAKING IT
MINE--THAT
PUNY TRAMP?

GIMME BACK ME
BOTTLE! I ONLY
LOANED IT TA YA!
YA CROOK! GIMME
BACK ME
BOTTLE!

IT WOULD BE EASY IF
THE TRAMP WERE OUT
OF MY WAY. HE'S
STANDING ON THE
HIGHWAY OF MY
LIFE...BLOCKING
IT!

WELL, HE WONT BLOCK
IT LONG...GO AHEAD
AND RUN, YOU SWINE!

RUN! -- I'LL
CATCH YOU!

H-HEY...YA GOIN'
NUTS? HEY...
CUT IT OUT!

HELP!
AAARR!

THINK WHAT I COULD DO WITH
THIS MYSTERIOUS LIQUID, AND
ONLY ONE GOD-FORSAKEN
TRAMP TO STAND IN MY
WAY!

Moments later, PEERING UNDER THE
AUTO FOR THE TRAMP'S BODY...

GREAT SCOTT... WHERE'S THE
TRAMP?... WHERE'S HE GONE?...
HE...HE'S DISAPPEARED!

DISAPPEARED! I DISAPPEAR NEVER, MYRON MORGAN!--I SHALL BE WITH YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE AND I SHALL CLAIM YOU AT THE END OF IT!

SOMETHING WEIRD'S HAPPENED! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE. FAR AWAY!

Meanwhile... I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS.. WONDERFUL LIQUID... BUT WHO WOULD ALL I KNOW IS THAT A DRINK GRANTS MY EVERY WISH!



WHO CARES THAT WITH EACH SWALLOW DIMINISHING THE CONTENTS OF THE BOTTLE, MY OWN LIFE DIMINISHES?--I WANT A SUCCESSFUL LIFE, EVEN IF IT BECOMES A SHORT ONE!

DON'T WORRY, LITTLE MORTAL... WATCH HOW EMBITTERED YOUR LIFE WILL BE AS YOU SEE

LY DISAPPEAR!

"YEARS PASSED AND WITH THEIR PASSING, MYRON MORGAN BECAME RICH, POWERFUL AND RESPECTED, BEYOND ALL HIS DREAMS..."



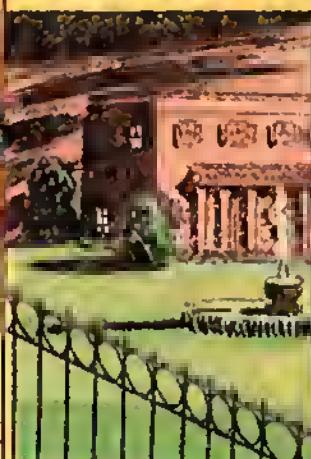
"HE MARRIED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN PARK AVENUE SOCIETY..."



"HE HAD SCORES OF SERVANTS..."



"MAGNIFICENT ESTATES!"



"A YACHT!"



"AND THE GREATEST PRIZE OF ALL, HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER..."

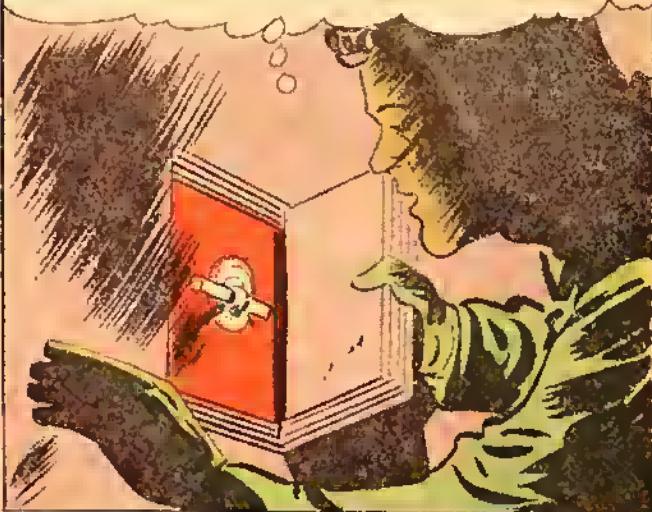


BUT NOBODY KNEW THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS,
AND NOBODY KNEW HIS SORROW, EXCEPT
MYRON MORGAN!

LITTLE DOES ANYBODY KNOW THAT THE "GENIUS"
BEHIND ALL THIS WEALTH AND POWER LIES
STOPPED UP IN A DIRTY OLD MEDICINE BOTTLE!
JUST AS MY LIFE IS CONTAINED IN A FEW
OUNCE OF ITS STRANGE FLUID!



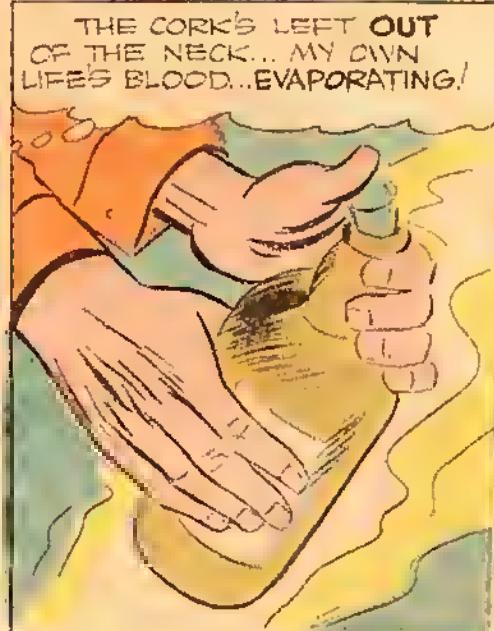
I THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK AND SEE
HOW MUCH OF THE STUFF IS LEFT....
HAVEN'T SEEN IT IN SOME TIME!



GREAT GUNS! THERE'S SCARCELY
ANYTHING LEFT! THE LIQUID
IS ALMOST GONE!



THE CORK'S LEFT OUT
OF THE NECK... MY OWN
LIFE'S BLOOD...EVAPORATING!



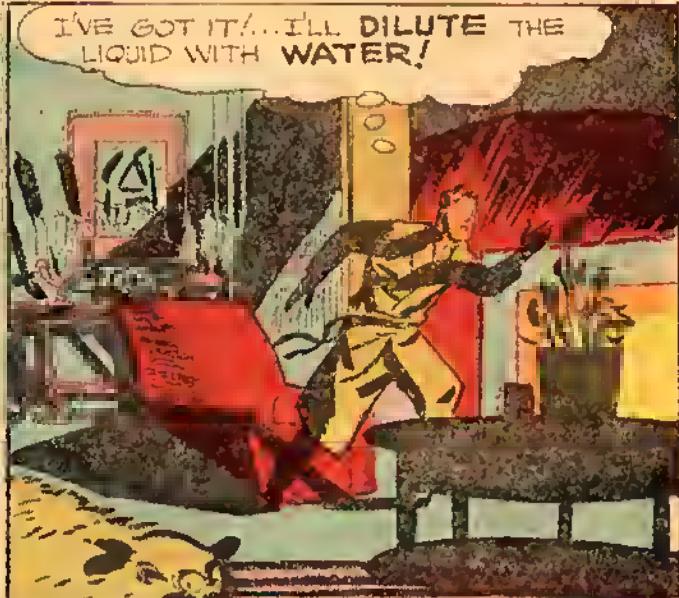
I KNOW WHAT
I'LL DO. I'LL
WISH FOR
MORE
LIQUID!



IT DOESN'T WORK! NOTHING'S BEEN
ADDED...AND A PRECIOUS SIP OF IT'S BEEN
WASTED...WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? MY
LIFE'S AT STAKE!

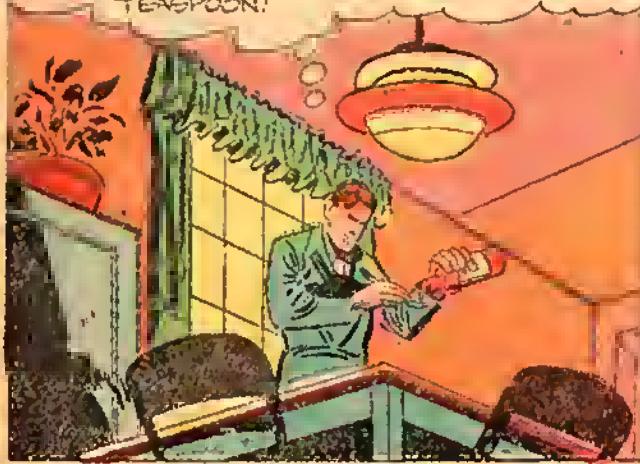


I'VE GOT IT!...I'LL DILUTE THE
LIQUID WITH WATER!



MOMENTS LATER, IN THE KITCHEN

I CAN'T AFFORD TO ENDANGER THE ENTIRE CONTENTS WITH THIS EXPERIMENT, SO I'LL JUST USE A PORTION OF THE MAGIC LIQUID AND TRY DILUTING IT WITH WATER...IN THIS TEASPOON!



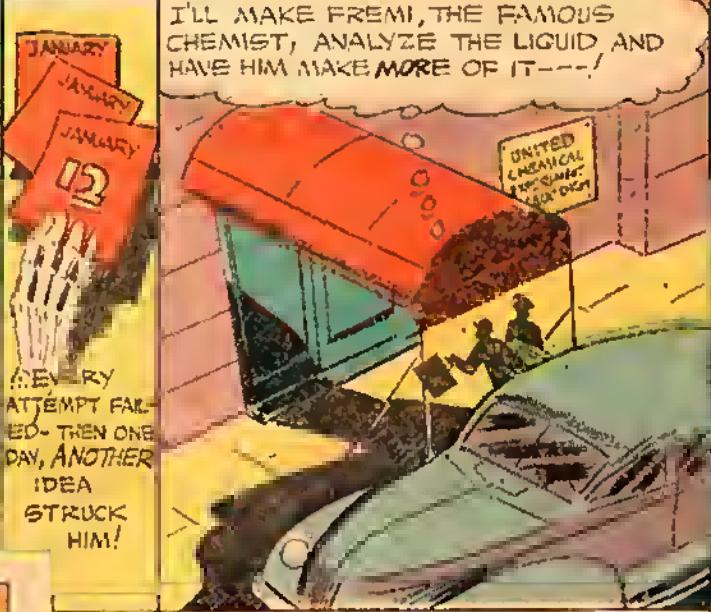
NOW I'LL WISH FOR SOMETHING SIMPLE, LIKE A \$1000...TO APPEAR ON THIS PANTRY SHELF!



NOTHING! DILUTING THE STUFF ONLY DESTROYS ITS POWER! ONLY THE ORIGINAL CONCENTRATE WILL WORK! ...IT'S THE LIQUID ITSELF I MUST GET MORE OF!



I'LL MAKE FREMI, THE FAMOUS CHEMIST, ANALYZE THE LIQUID AND HAVE HIM MAKE MORE OF IT---



UPSTAIRS, IN FREMI'S LABORATORY...

WHY, THIS IS A VERY COMMON CONCOCTION, MR. MORGAN! I CAN DISTILL OIL WELLS OF THE STUFF FOR YOU!

YOU CAN? THEN MAKE A GALLON OF IT! RIGHT NOW! I'LL COME FOR THE OIL WELLS, LATER!



IF THIS WORKS, I'LL BE THE WEALTHIEST, MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD! I'LL HAVE SOLE OWNERSHIP OF THE MOST WONDROUS POTION IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE!



AN HOUR LATER, IN THE DEN OF HIS HOME....

ANOTHER SECOND WILL
TELL THE STORY! I'LL
WISH FOR A SILVER PITCHER
TO POUR THE MAGIC
FLUID!



DOWN THE HATCH!

DADDY, WHAT
ARE YOU DRINKING?
CAN I HAVE
SOME?



ANOTHER FAILURE! NOTHING!
THE SYNTHETIC LIQUID LACKS
SOME ESSENTIAL SPIRIT WHICH
RENDERS IT MAGICAL!...

AW, DADDY,
PLEASE...
GIVE
ME
SOME!



ONLY THING TO DO IS MAKE) NO, DARLING,
A CONCRETE CONTAINER AND THIS LIQUID) IS BAD FOR
SEAL THE BOTTLE IN IT, SO) THAT THE LIQUID REMAINS) YOU. IT'S BIT-
UNTOUCHED FOREVER!) TER AND
ROTEN-TASTING.

I'M GOING TO BUY
YOU AN ICE-CREAM
SODA INSTEAD!



AN ICE CREAM SODA?..OH,
GOODY! CAN I HAVE A
CHOCOLATE ONE WITH
TWO DIPS?

OF COURSE, DEAR.

I HAVE EVERYTHING I
NEED.. A HOME.. A
BEAUTIFUL WIFE
AND CHILD...
MILLIONS IN
THE BANK...



Later...

...IF I CONSERVE THE
LAST FEW DROPS, I'LL
HAVE COMPLETE INSURANCE
THAT I'LL CONTINUE TO LIVE
OUT MY NORMAL LIFE. I'LL
SEE ABOUT THAT CONCRETE
CONTAINER TOMORROW!



THE NEXT MORNING...

I WANT A CONCRETE RECEPTACLE FOR THIS BOTTLE...FOR PERMANENT SEALING! THERE MUST BE NO POSSIBILITY OF EVAPORATING, EITHER!

I GOTCHA... IT'S A CINCH TO MAKE! HAVE IT FOR YOU IN A COUPLE OF DAYS!



AT MYRON MORGAN'S HOME, THAT NIGHT...

WHY, MYRON... YOU HAVEN'T DANCED LIKE THIS FOR ALMOST TWO WEEKS!

I KNOW, DEAREST, I HAVEN'T BEEN...ER... "WELL"...BUT NOW I THINK I'M GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.



I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, I'M GOING TO BE SUPREMELY HAPPY, RONNIE, FROM NOW ON!

AND IT COULDN'T IF YOU WEREN'T HAPPY!



THE FOLLOWING DAY... THE FOX HUNT!

COME ON, MYRON! EVERYONE WILL CATCH THE FOX, BUT US!

WAIT A SECOND, RONNIE- I'VE GOT TO SAY GOODBYE TO SOMEONE!

DADDY, DADDY, KISS ME GOODBYE!



AFTER DADDY KISSES YOU, YOU'LL GO INSIDE THE HOUSE LIKE A GOOD GIRL, AND PLAN? AND LISTEN TO NURSE!

YES, DADDY! I LOVE YOU DADDY!



LET'S GO! GOD PITY THE FOX!

COME, DEAR. YOU HEARD WHAT DADDY SAID...



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE LIBRARY...

I THINK I'LL PLAY BANKER LIKE MY DADDY DOES, AND SEE WHAT'S IN THE SAFE--



GEE WILLIKENS... FIRST I FIND
THIS LITTLE DOOR OPEN!...
DADDY MUST HAVE FORGOT
CLOSE IT. THEN I FIND
THIS FUNNY-LOOKING BOTTLE.
... HOW DIRTY IT IS!



AT THE SAME TIME, ON THE
FOX HUNT...

I'VE GOT EVERYTHING TO LIVE
FOR... ONCE THE MENACE OF
LOSING THE LIQUID IN THE
BOTTLE IS RE-
MOVED!... AND
THAT'LL BE
SOON!



HOW UGLY
THE BOTTLE
IS... I HATE
IT! THERE!

WHAT ON
EARTH ARE
YOU DOING?...
GET OFF
THAT CHAIR
BEFORE YOU
HURT YOURSELF!



WH...
ARRRGH!!

LOOK AT MORGAN,
S-SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED TO HIM!



REMEMBER THIS, MY BOY? YOU LIKED
IT SO WELL, DIDN'T YOU? WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF IT NOW? OH, EXCUSE ME... I
FORGOT! YOU CAN'T SEE AND YOU
CAN'T THINK, CAN YOU, NOW?



SHORTLY
AFTER, IN
THE LIBRARY...

NEEDED THAT BOTTLE, AND
SEE HOW YOU'VE SMASHED IT TO
PIECES!



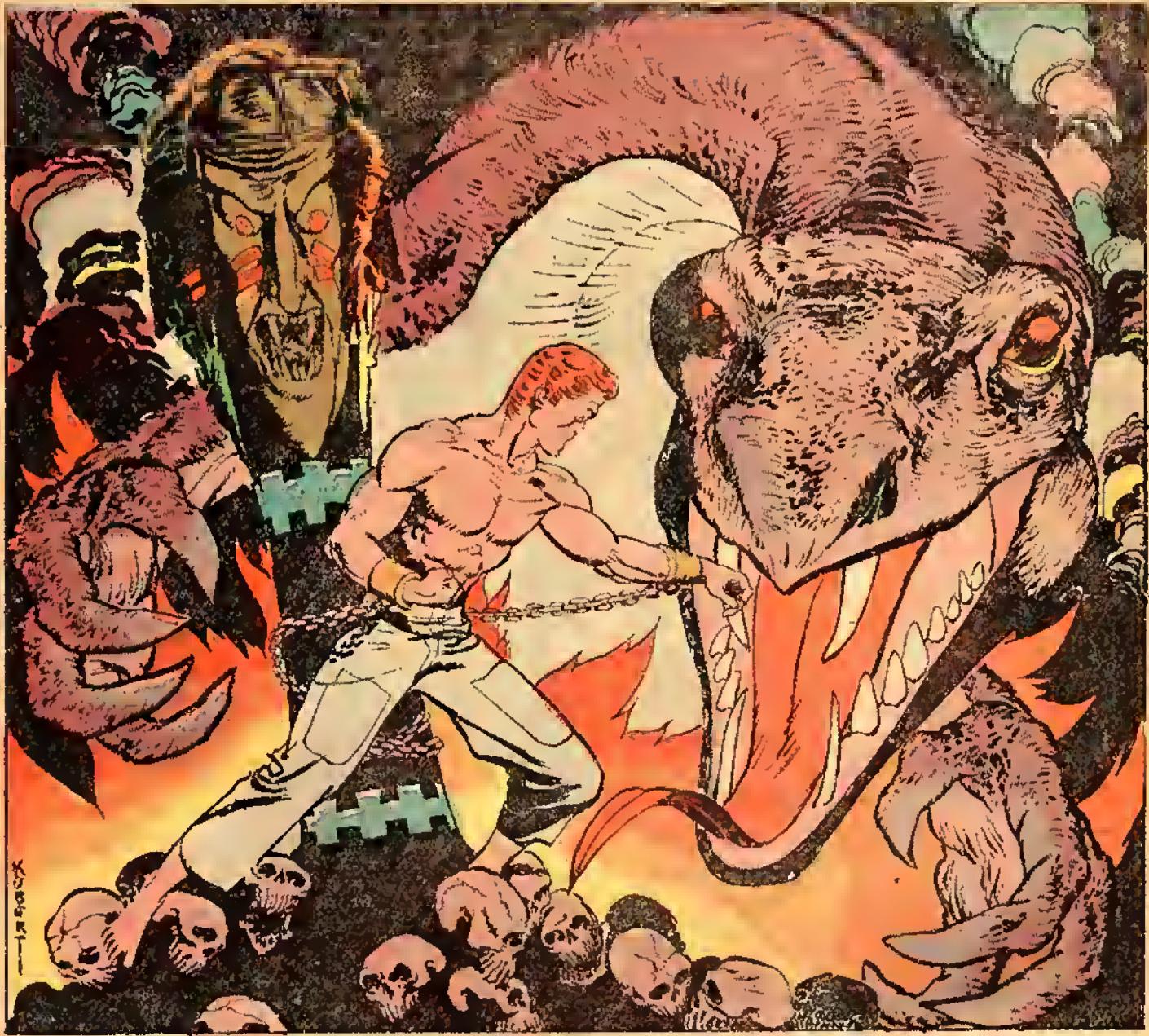
YOU NAUGHTY
GIRL! LOOK
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE! MAYBE
YOUR DADDY

NEEDED IT!
YOU BET HE
NEEDED IT,
MADAM! LOOK
WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE RICH
MR. MYRON
MORGAN
WITHOUT
IT!

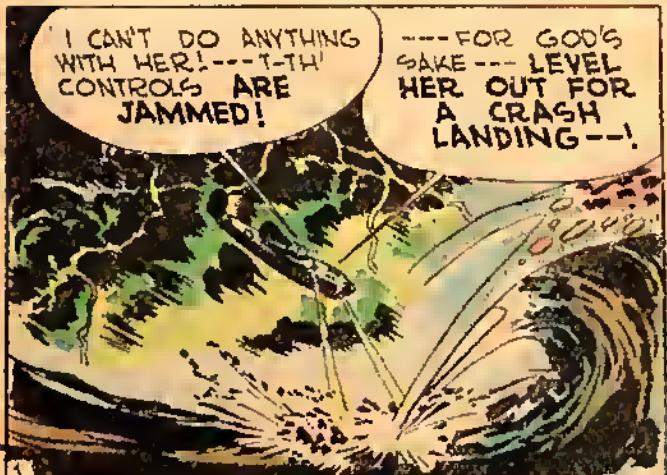
...I HAVE TO DO YOUR THINKING AND
SPEAKING FOR YOU! --WHAT A STORY YOU
WOULD TELL IF YOU COULD ONLY SPEAK!



AT THE UNDERTAKERS



A U.S. MITCHELL BOMBER, ON A REGULAR CHARTING AND AERIAL EXPLORATION FLIGHT FROM ITS BASE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, RUNS INTO AN UNFORESEEN STORM... STRUGGLING TO REMAIN ALOFT, LITTLE DO THE AIRMEN KNOW THE HORRIBLE FATE THAT AWAITS THEM ON THE ISLAND OF **THE MAN-EATING LIZARDS!**



I CAN SEE
THE OCEAN
NOW!

LOOKIT THOSE
WAVES! ---

PULL
UP...!

BERT! I THINK
I'VE GOT HER
LEVELLED FOR
A CRASH...!

B-BUT
WE'RE SMACKING
INTO THAT
GIANT WAVE!
PULL
UP!

MOMENTS
LATER...

THE PLANE'S FILLING LIKE
A SPONGE... SHE'LL GO
DOWN ANY SECOND! HOPE
BERT'S NOT HURT BAD THO
HE SURE
LOOKS IT!

BERT'LL KEEP HERE! THEN AFTER
I GET MIKEY OUT, I'LL HAVE TO
REACH THAT WING! I STILL DONT
KNOW WHAT'S KEEPIN' THIS
HUNK OF CEMENT AFLOAT!

MIKEY, PLEASE... DON'T CONK
OUT ON ME, TOO! I'LL NEVER
MAKE IT TO THE WING WITH
BOTH OF YOU! --- MIKEY!

OOPAH...

THANKS, B-BOSS
... IT'S ME
SHOULDER...
N-NOT ME---

I KNOW, MIKEY...
BUT YOU'VE
GOT TO TRY
EVEN
HARDE
R

HOW YOU DOING? ---
SHOULDER BOTHERING
YOU?

P. PLENTY! ...BUT
WHAT TH' HECK... I
BEEN THINKIN'
ALL ME LIFE WITH
HALF A BRAIN-I
GUESS I KIN DO
A LITTLE STUMMIN'
WITH HALF ME
SHOULDERS!

BOSS! ---SHE'S
DIVIN' ---I MEAN,
SHE'S DOVE!

JOE AND LENNY
WEREN'T AS LUCKY
AS US... POOR
GUYS!

I AIN'T SO SURE...
MAYBE WE'RE
JUST PROLONGIN'
THE AGONY!

A

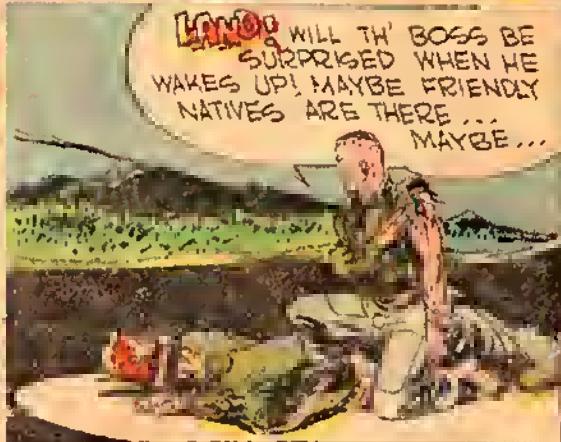
HALF HOUR LATER...

HOW IS
HE?

NOT SO GOOD, MIKEY!
---AFTER THREE YEARS
OF FIGHTIN' JAPS, AFTER
SEEING THE WAR THROUGH
TOGETHER, A LITTLE
AERIAL SURVEYING
LEADS TO... HUH?

----IT'S
FUNNY, ISN'T
IT?

YEAH, VERY FUNNY! THEM
SHARKS THINK IT'S FUNNY,
TOO! MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE
THEY HAVE ANOTHER POINT
OF VIEW... TH'EATIN' SIDE
O' THINGS!



ON THE ISLAND, A MORE
STARTLING SURPRISE
THAN THAT WHICH MIKEY
ANTICIPATES IS PREPARED!





MOMENTS LATER...

LOOK WHAT THEY'RE UP TO! - THEY'RE GOING TO TRAIL BERT'S BODY IN THE WATER... BUT THE SHARKS... THANK GOD. HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!

MIKEY... ARE YOU THINKING OF WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US?

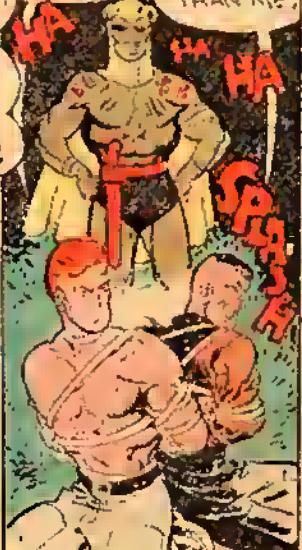
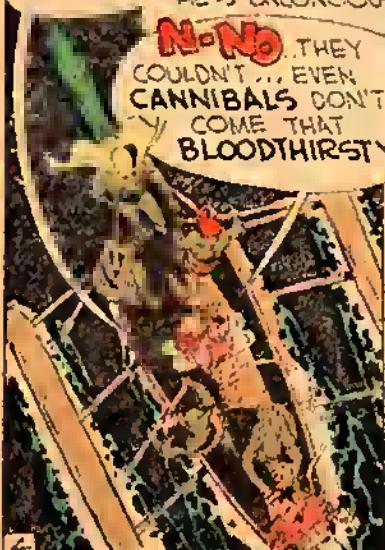
YEAH - BUT I'M AFRAID TH' CHIEF'S GOT A BETTER IMAGINATION THAN ME!

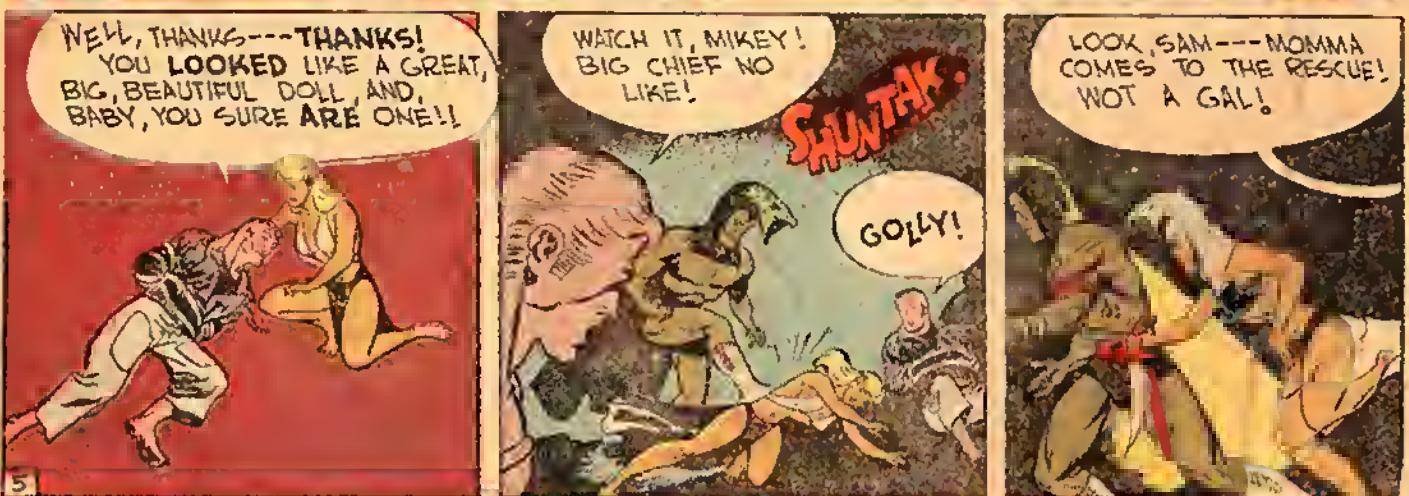
A
ND ALL THAT REMAINS OF SGT. ALBERT WHITE, U.S. AIR CORPS, IS A SLIGHTLY BLOOD-TINGED PACIFIC OCEAN...

LATER, THROUGH THE 'STREETS' OF THE SAVAGE VILLAGE...

BOSS, FIRST WE THOUGHT JOE AN' LENNY WERE UNLUCKY GOING DOWN WITH THE PLANE. THEN SERGEANT WHITE, ATE UP BY SHARKS! NOW I THINK WE'RE THE UNLUCKY ONES! MIKE -

NOTICE HOW MANY LIZARD FETISHES THERE ARE IN THIS VILLAGE?





BUT AS IF WARNED BY A SIXTH SENSE---

TOO BAD! THE MONSTER HAS EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!

OH.

BRASH!

WHY, YOU DIRTY---
LET ME G-GO---!

DIDJA SEE TH' LOOK SHE GAVE TH' BIG CHEESE? IF I EVER SEEN MURDER IN A DANES' EYES, IT'S IN HER'S!

WHERE TO NOW? WE GOIN' BYE-BYE AGAIN?

MAYBE THIS TIME FOR GOOD,
JUDGING BY HIS GESTURE!!

TO ME IT LOOKS
LIKE HE'S BEEFIN'
SOMETHIN' 'BOUT
FOOD---ABOUT
EATIN'! G-GOSH,
SAM--- YOU
DON'T THINK---?

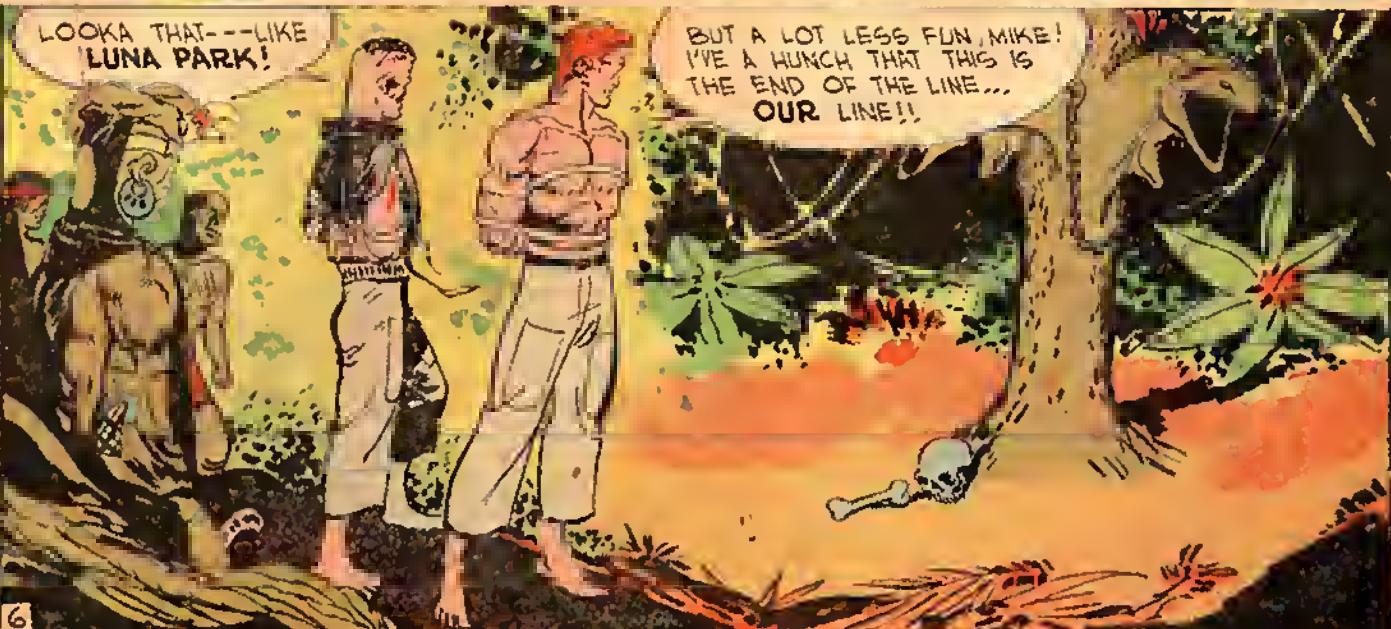
I DON'T KNOW...
IT SURE LOOKS
LIKE THAT. IT'S
A CINCH HE
ISN'T
FEEDING
US!

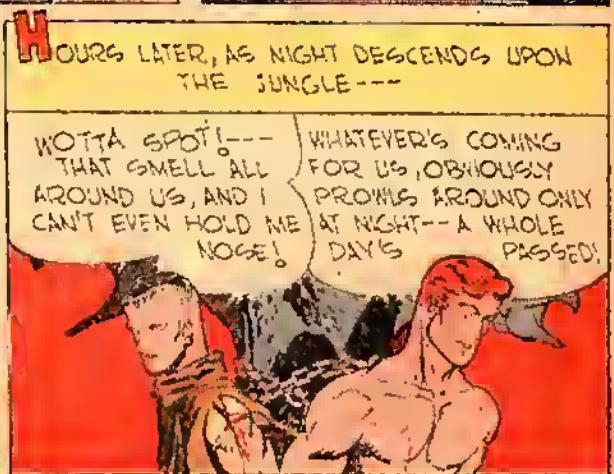
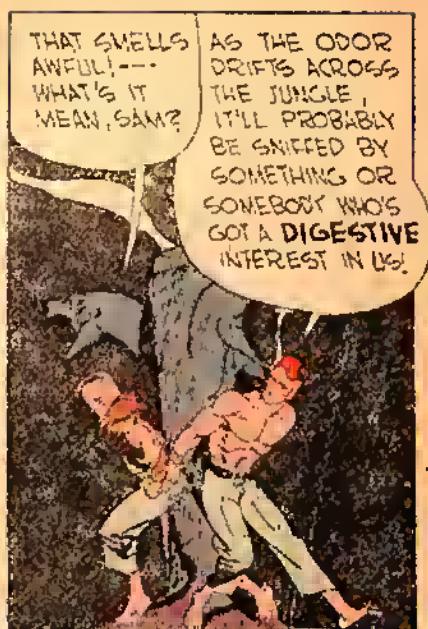
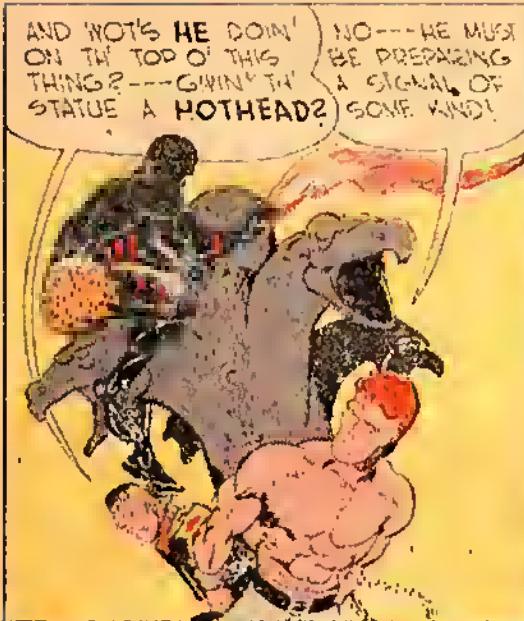
THEN, OUT OF THE TEMPLE,
THROUGH THE VILLAGE
AND ITS MYSTERIOUS WALL,
INTO THE STEAMING JUNGLE...

WONDER WHAT THAT WALL IS
FOR? A PROTECTION OF SOME
KIND---BUT AGAINST **WHAT?**

LOOKA THAT---LIKE
LUNA PARK!

BUT A LOT LESS FUN, MIKE!
I'VE A HUNCH THAT THIS IS
THE END OF THE LINE...
OUR LINE!!





THE SOUND IS ALSO HEARD BY THE VIGILANT SAVAGES, WHEN---

GRRR RR



SUDDENLY,
DEATH
STRIKES
FROM
NO-
WHERE~



A NOWHERE THAT MATERIALIZES IN BEAUTIFULLY SAVAGE FORM

FLA



All



THAT'S WHAT ALL GREAT SCOTT, THE SCREAMING WAS MIKE --- ABOUT ---! THE YOU'RE DAMES'RE RESCUING RIGHT! US, THI DARLIN'S!

AFTER BINDING NIKA TO THE SACRIFICIAL POST, THE FOUR NEW-FOUND FRIENDS HEAR THE THUNDERING ROARS GETTING CLOSER!

THEY DIDN'T ARRIVE A SEC TO SOON, SAM ---!

RAAH

GA

RRRR RR

KRR

THEN, CRASHING
THRU THE
JUNGLE INTO THE
CLEARING---

RRRRR

SAM! **LOOK!**
THAT'S
WHAT WE'RE
MISSIN'!

GIANT LIZARDS!
MANEATING
LIZARDS---

THAT'S WHAT ALL
THIS LIZARD
WORSHIP'S ABOUT!

WHY THEY
MUST BE BLIND,
NOT SEEING US
GO PAST SO
CLOSE TO
THEM!
THAT'S DED!
THAT EXPLAINS
THE FAT
BURNING!
THE MONSTERS
ARE BLIND...
LUCKILY FOR
US!

AS THE AMERICANS WITH NATIVE
ESCORT RACE TO FREEDOM,
NIKA BEGINS TO REALIZE THE
MEANING OF---

RRR
RRR
RRR

SACRIFICE

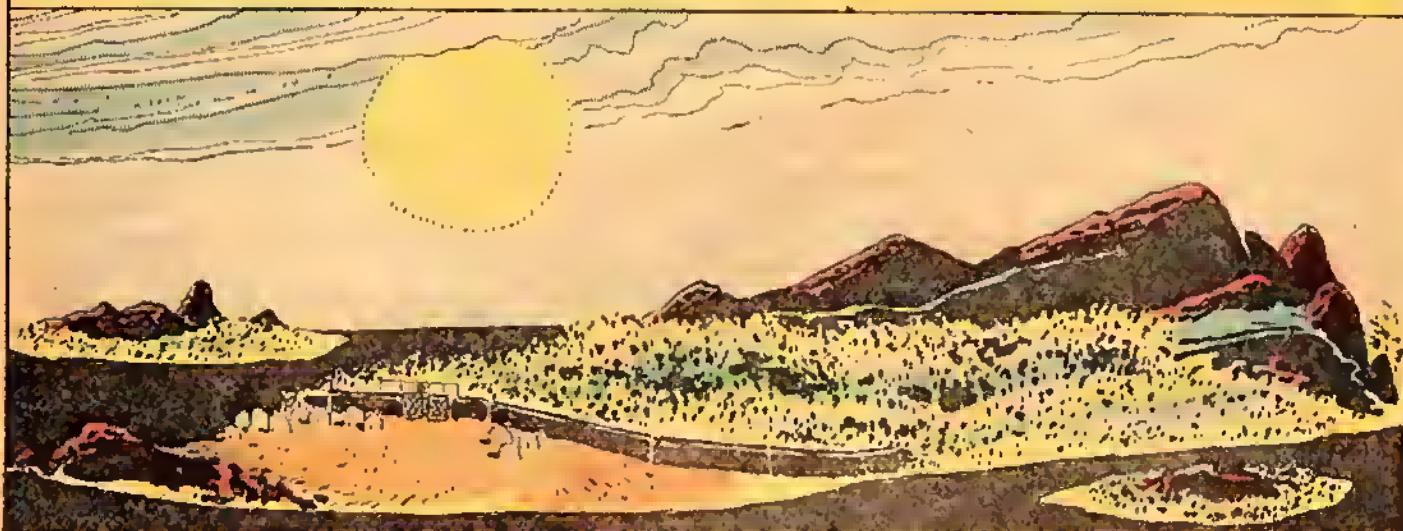


AS THE SKY REDDENS WITH DAWN, FAR
OUT AT SEA, FAR FROM THE
ISLAND OF THE MAN-EATING LIZARDS-

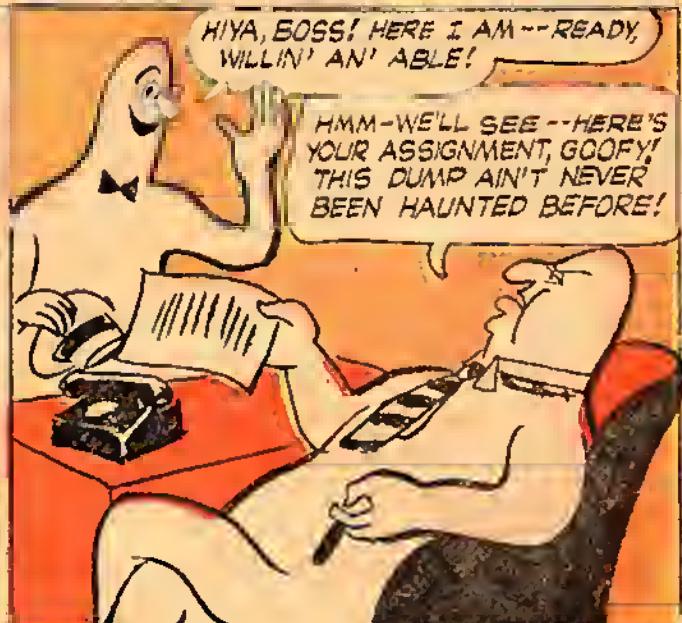
FIRST THEY SAVE US
FROM SOLVING THE
MEAT SHORTAGE FOR
LIZARDS, THEN THEY
TELL US WHERE TO
FIND PEACEFUL NATIVES!
LAST OF ALL, THEY'RE
NUTS ABOUT US!—
WHAT COULD BE
SWEETER, SAM?

THE REPORT I'M
MAKING OUT WHEN
WE GET BACK TO
BASE! THE U.S.A.
HAS A LOT OF
BARBARISM TO
WIPE OUT AND A
LOT OF LIZARD-
HUNTING TO DO,
BEFORE THIS OLD
PACIFIC OCEAN IS
REALLY PEACEFUL!!

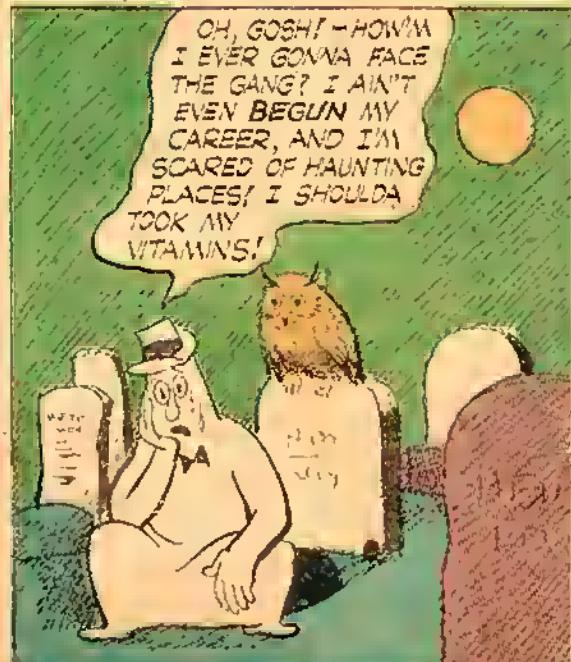
SAM AND MIKE REACHED THEIR BASE A FEW DAYS LATER... A BOMBER SQUADRON MAKES
SHORT WORK OF THE ISLAND'S STRANGE, BLOODTHIRSTY INHABITANTS ---AND NOW, THE
ISLAND LIES PEACEFULLY ON THE VAST PACIFIC ~



GOOFY GHOST



DON'T WORRY, SIR! - I'LL SCARE
THE JOINT OFF THE MAP OR
DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!





PROOF!

The door opened and a pleasant-looking girl with a quiet gaze led Mr. Grohson into the sitting room.

"My sister will be down presently," said the girl, disappearing with his coat and hat.

Grohson wondered what Mrs. Grohson would be like, whether she, too, would give him the cold reception he had received in this gloomy little village. A district attorney come to a village to convict a native son of murder despite the man's passionate denial of it, cannot be very popular with the townspeople when they are in sympathy with the accused.

At any rate, there was a strong fire blazing in the fireplace to offset the November cold. Grohson took a position in front of the snapping blaze and spread grateful palms toward the warmth. He looked down at his feet, surprised that they should remain so cold in spite of the fire. But drafts of cool air were coming from somewhere inside the house. As he crouched near the floor in front of the fireplace, moving his hands about, slowly, suspiciously, the girl returned.

Grohson caught sight of her and stood erect. "Seems to be a draft somewhere in the house," he commented, by way of explaining his actions.

The girl did not reply. She took a

seat at the opposite end of the room and folded her hands in her lap.

"How long do you mean to stay?" asked the girl, following an embarrassing stillness.

"That's hard to say. It depends." Clearly, this girl shared the attitude of the villagers, who seemed satisfied with the defendant's explanation that he shot and killed his brother, thinking him a robber . . . What a naive alibi! Perhaps, Grohson frequently mused, only a *guiltless* man could be so unsubtle as to base his defense on a momentary, though fatal, delusion.

"Do you know anything about my older sister?" inquired the girl.

"Very little. Only that she had a few rooms for tourists."

"Then you know next to nothing about her?" persisted the girl.

"Only her name and address," acknowledged the visitor. Why was the girl so insistent? Grohson wondered what there was about the house that made him feel nervous. Had it anything to do with *Mrs. Brougham*? And then, that blamed, shivery draft along the floor! Grim lines appeared along the girl's mouth. A certain harshness entered her voice.

"My sister's tragedy happened exactly one year ago," said the girl. "I don't suppose anybody told you."

"Her *tragedy*?" repeated Grohson.

"You may be curious why we keep



the rear door open on a cold November day," said the girl, rising and walking toward the hallway. She nodded to Grohson and Grohson followed her. The kitchen door leading to the garage of the house was wide open and blasts of freezing air gusted madly into the room. The door was restrained from violent swinging by a cord tied around the doorknob and fixed to a steampipe behind the door. Grohson's jaws gaped with amazement.

"I don't understand," gasped Grohson, quailing before the winds that whipped into the kitchen. "What has this *open door* got to do with your sister's tragedy?"

"Through that door, one year ago to the day, my brother-in-law and his son went for a drive. They never came back. In crossing a bridge they swerved to avoid collision with a car coming from the opposite direction and crashed through the guard rails, falling fifty feet into the river . . . where they drowned. It was days before their bodies were recovered. When they were, the corpses looked too gruesome to be exhibited and were never seen by my sister. That's the terrible part of it." Here the girl's voice lost its reserve and broke down into something stumblingly pathetic. "Poor Helen always thinks that her husband and son will come

back one day, and burst in through that door laughing as they used to do. That is why the door is left open every afternoon until it is quite dark. Do you know, Mr. Grohson, sometimes on a crisp, icy afternoon like this, I myself get an eerie feeling that they will come in again through that door—"

The girl broke off with a shudder that was not occasioned by the cold. Then, despondently, they returned to the sitting room, where Grohson sat for a time, staring unhappily into the fireplace. The girl just looked at the floor at her feet. Then, suddenly, Mrs. Brougham flurried into the room with a swirl of apologies for being so late.

"I hope Clara has been entertaining you?" she said.

"Your sister has been most interesting," replied Grohson.

"I hope you don't mind our open door," Mrs. Brougham went on. "My husband and son will soon be at home. They just went down to the railroad station to pick up some gardening tools."

"Have you any children, Mr. Grohson?" Mrs. Brougham asked very sweetly. Grohson replied gruffly that he wasn't fortunate enough to be married. Mrs. Brougham continued to talk about Teddy and her husband. —As if they were actually going to

enter the room at any moment. Grohson listened with horror to a whole series of anecdotes about the little family. The thing was so appalling! —Mrs. Brougham would remain unchanged forever. And *the door!* . . . That door would be open forever, awaiting people who could never materialize in this life!

It was in the midst of some inconsequential debate that Mrs. Brougham straightened up in alertness . . . She raised her finger and cocked her head brightly. "*They're coming!*" she said.

Grohson looked at the girl in amazement. The girl's face was a blank. Her eyes widened.

Mrs. Brougham clasped her hands joyously. "Back just in time for Teddy's afternoon milk!"

The girl rose hastily and began to comfort her older sister, who protested, "What are you talking about, Clara . . . they're NOT coming? Why, I hear them *distinctly*! Ben's car is making the turn into the driveway now!"

It was true. The cold coughing of a car was audible. The girl's eyes started from her head as she heard something roar to a stop behind the house. Mrs. Brougham's face was wreathed in smiles. "They're back! They're back!" she cried, rapturously. Grohson felt faint. Even the draft along the floor grew colder. Outside, a car door slammed and voices rang forth in a merry argument. The girl tossed a glance at the hallway leading to the kitchen and then began to shrink toward the fireplace, with one hand clutching her throat. Grohson knew the blood was drained from his own face. A heavy footfall sounded in the hallway and then a quick patter of feet. Mrs. Brougham sprang to the hallway and shouted, "Darling!" Her arms were outstretched gayly. Both Grohson and the girl stood shoulder to shoulder, their backs to the fire, terror crystallizing in their ashen-pale faces. They screamed simultaneously as a little,

child bounded into the room and a tall, strapping fellow in a plaid mackinaw took Mrs. Brougham in his laughing embrace.

"That's Mr. Grohson, darling," introduced Mrs. Brougham, indicating the shrieking man at the fireplace. Brougham came at Grohson with a large hand cordially extended. "Put it there!" he boomed. Grohson struck wildly at the apparition's hand and filled the room with his shrieks. The girl was shrieking, too, her hands to her temples, but a strange note had crept into her voice. Grohson, whose heart felt like ice, stared at the girl. She was . . . LAUGHING!—Could it be hysteria?

But Mrs. Brougham was laughing, too. And Teddy, her dead child! And Mr. Brougham! —Why, he was roaring with mirth, tears coursing down his cheeks! Grohson stopped screaming and watched them, struck dumb with astonishment.

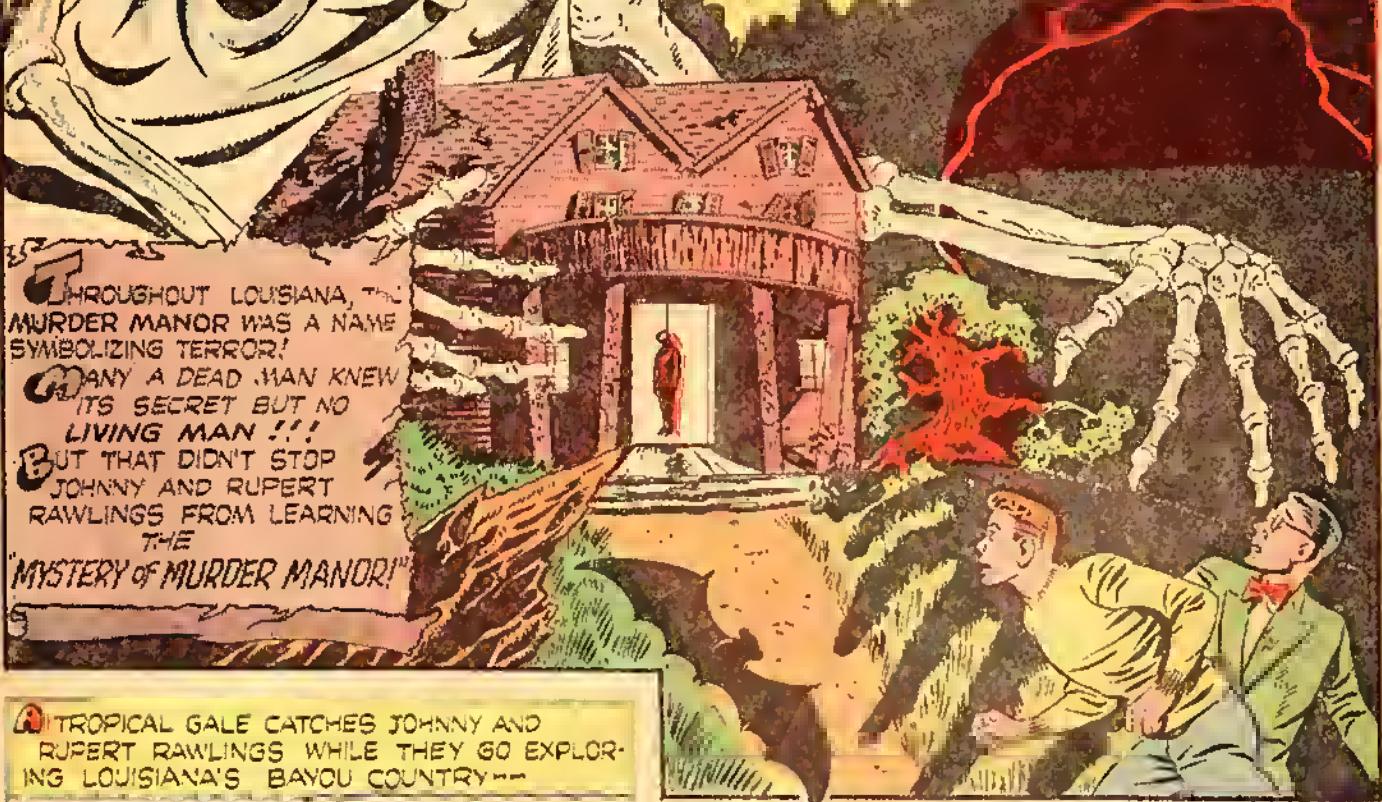
"Why are you all . . . l-laughing?" he managed to say, haltingly, fearfully. The girl pointed a finger at Grohson, narrowed her eyes, and stopped laughing. So did the others, completely. The room was silent as a tomb.

"There, Mr. Prosecutor . . . there is your proof! Your PROOF, do you hear! So you don't believe in illusions! You didn't believe George Macready's story about how he accidentally shot his brother! What do you say NOW, eh? Is it possible to have delusions? Is it possible to mistake people, eh? —Even the LIVING for the DEAD?"

In a moment, district attorney Grohson understood everything. It had all been an ingenious, chilling trick! He bowed his head. He had learned something. And he never forgot his lesson.

To witness: Two weeks later, George Macready was released from murder charges. Mr. Grohson's grounds for dropping the case: Macready had an illusion . . . a very strange illusion!

MYSTERY MURDER MANOR



THROUGHOUT LOUISIANA, THE MURDER MANOR WAS A NAME SYMBOLIZING TERROR!

MANY A DEAD MAN KNEW ITS SECRET BUT NO LIVING MAN!!! BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP JOHNNY AND RUPERT RAWLINGS FROM LEARNING THE "MYSTERY OF MURDER MANOR!"

A TROPICAL GALE CATCHES JOHNNY AND RUPERT RAWLINGS WHILE THEY GO EXPLORING LOUISIANA'S BAYOU COUNTRY--

I'D RATHER STAY ON THE WATER THAN ON THIS HAUNTED LAND, JOHNNY!

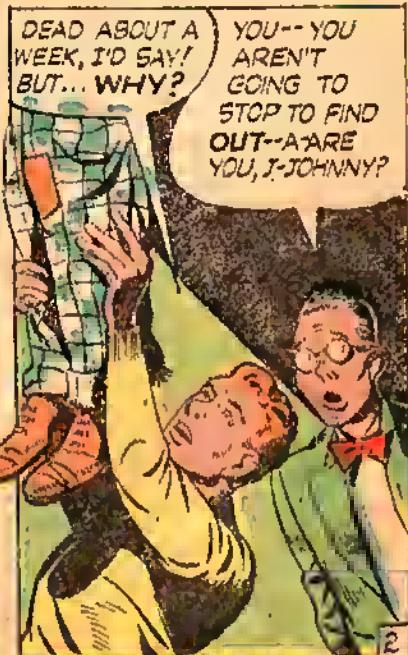
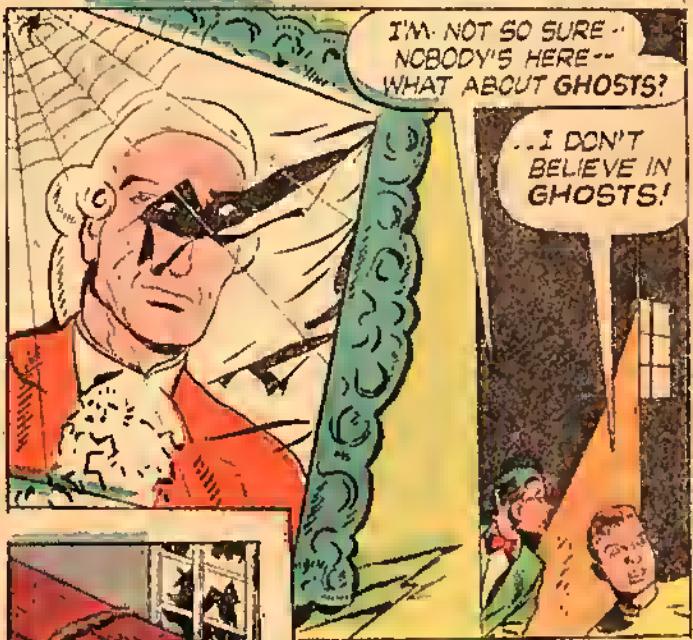
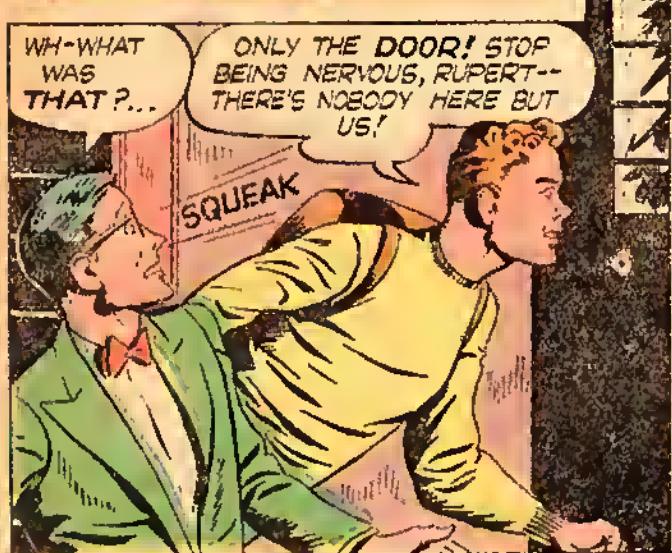
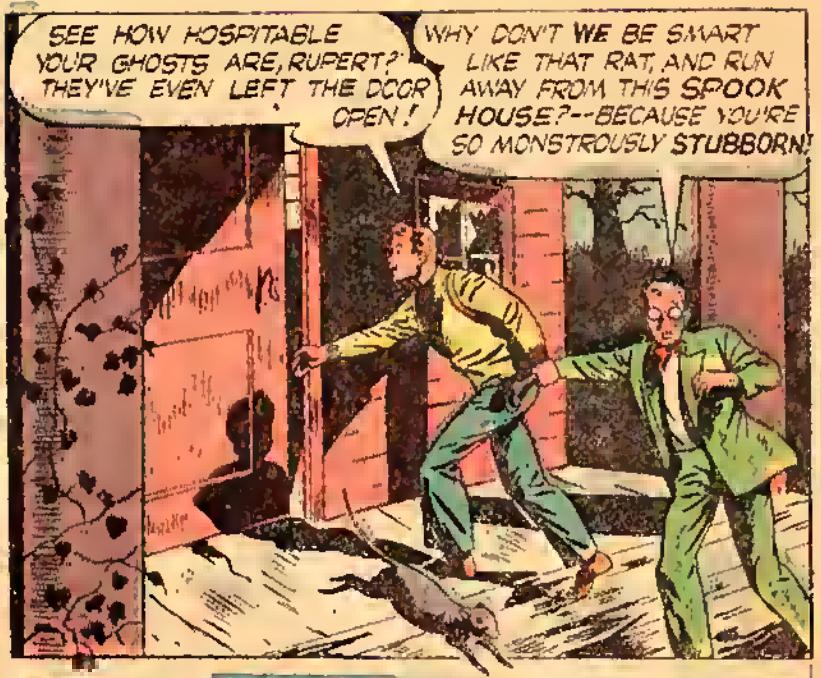
BECAUSE OF THAT SILLY LEGEND ABOUT MURDER MANOR?... NONSENSE!



IT'S BETTER TO SEEK SHELTER IN MURDER MANOR THAN TO DROWN IN SNAKE CREEK! THIS IS ONE OF THE WORST GALES I'VE EVER BEEN IN!

WELL, DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU THAT A LOT OF MEN HAVE GONE INTO MURDER MANOR-- BUT NONE'S COME OUT!





I CERTAINLY AM! I'M SEARCHING THIS HOUSE FROM ATTIC TO CELLAR TILL I FIND OUT WHY THAT MAN WAS KILLED!!

SUDDENLY---

FOOLS!
LEAVE THIS
HOUSE -- OR
DIE!!

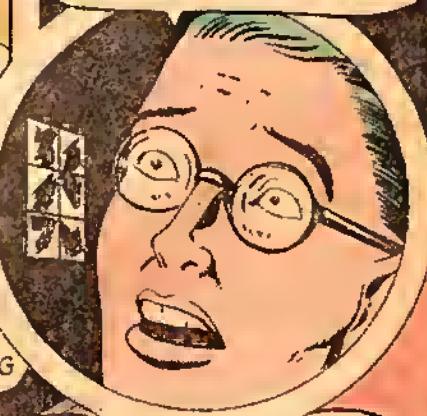
THE G-GHOST'S
V-VOICE!!

THAT VOICE HAD A
QUEER, HIGH-PITCHED
RING THAT WASN'T
HUMAN!

OF COURSE
IT WASN'T
HUMAN! I TOLD
YOU--IT'S A
GHOST'S VOICE!
LET'S GO-- ANY
STORM'S BETTER
THAN THIS
AWFUL PLACE!

YOU KNOW
THE LEGEND OF
MURDER MANOR,
RUPERT--I DON'T
WHAT IS IT?

--THERE USED TO BE A LOT OF
PIRATES ALL OVER THE GULF
OF MEXICO-- ONE OF THEM
THOUGHT OF HIDING HIS GOLD
IN THIS DESERTED MANSION!
EVER SINCE THEN, ANY MAN
WHO'S COME TO MURDER
MANOR GOT MURDERED
--OR -OR-- SOMETHING!



YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE,
JOHNNY! COME BACK!!..OH,
YOU DUMB ATHLETE, YOU!



TRY TO GET MY
TREASURE, WILL
YOU? TRY IT--
AND DIE!!

J-JOHNNY!
H-HELP!!

NOBODY CAN HELP
YOU NOW! HEH-HEH!
THE GHOST GOT
JOHNNY! JOHNNY'S
DEAD!

...NOT YET,
MY HANDSOME
FRIEND!

OH-H-H!

KNOCKED
YOURSELF SILLY,
EH? GOOD!

OOO-O-O-O!
WHAT A
CRACK!

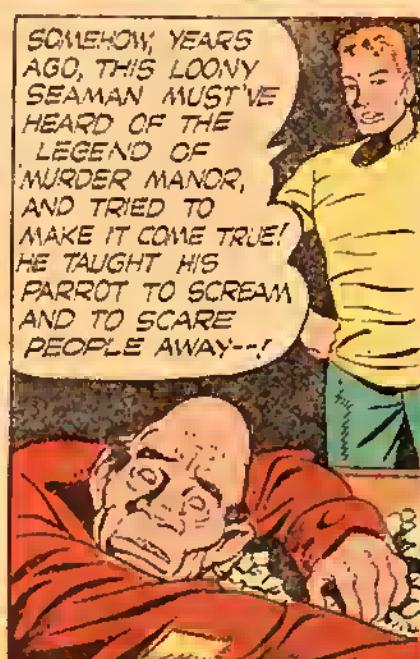
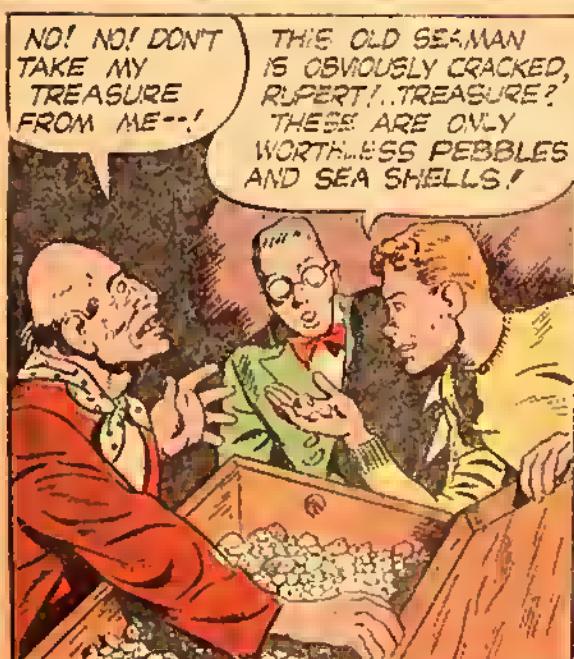
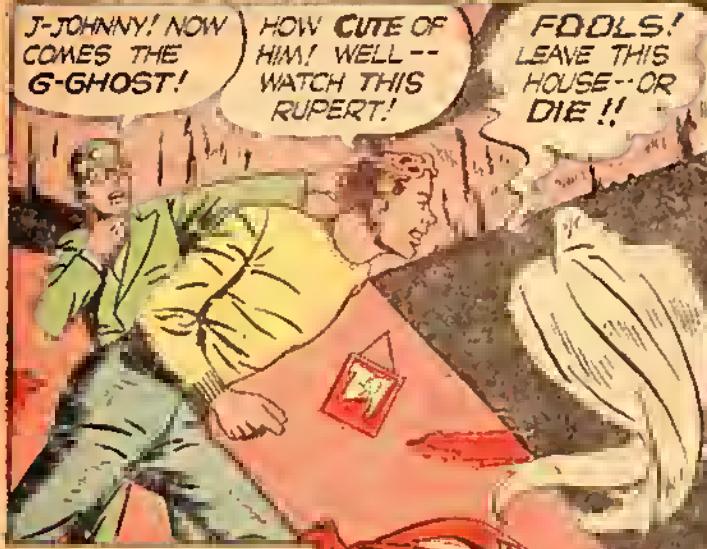
NOW TO CUT
YOUR THROAT!
CUT-THROAT
FASHION!

MY
FAVORITE
CONFEDERATE
GENERAL!
"BOB LEE"!
HERE TO
HELP A SON
OF THE
SOUTH!

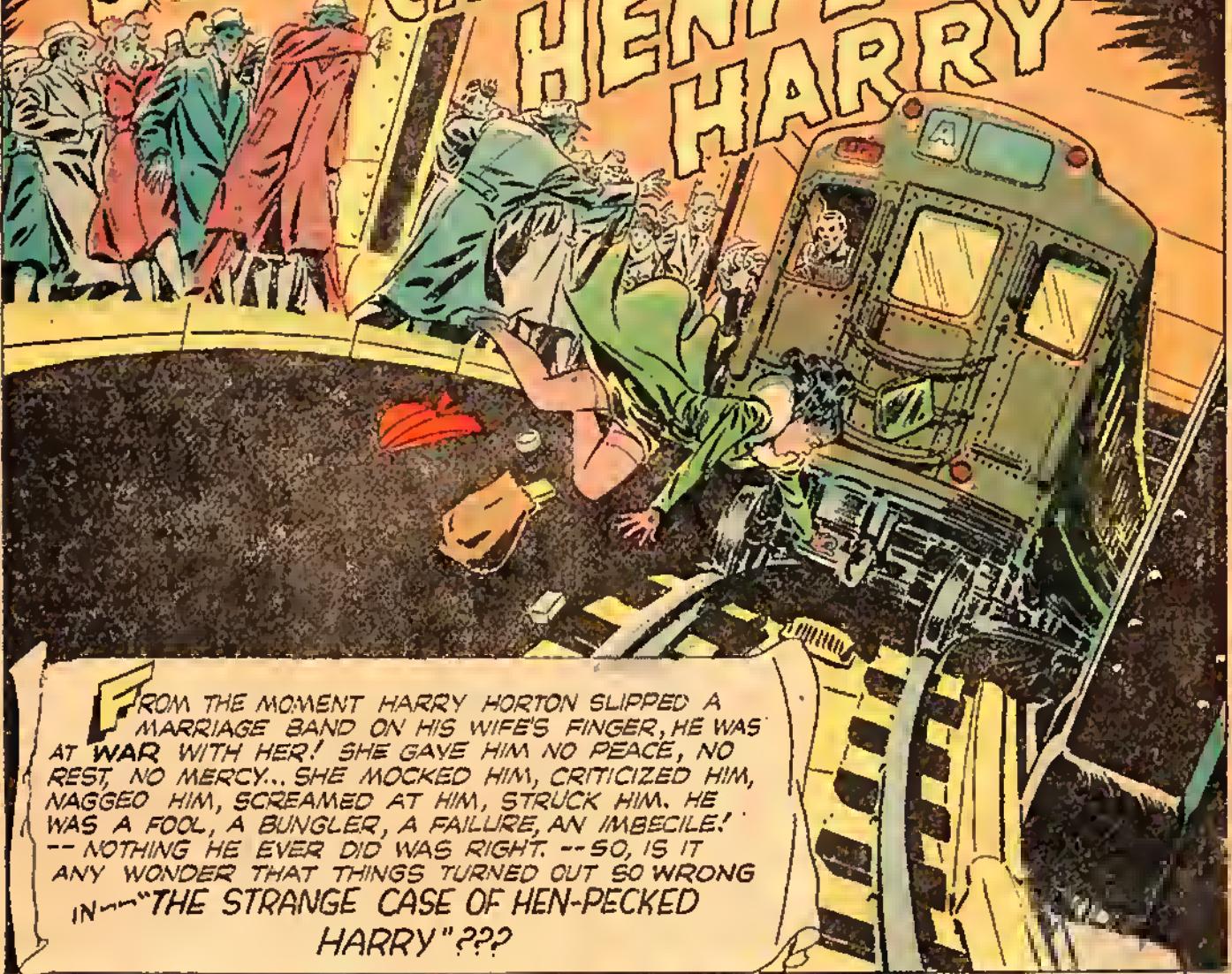
HERE'S THE KIND
OF SOUTHERN
HOSPITALITY WE
DISH OUT TO
THE LIKES
OF YOU!

SMASH-
URGH-





THE STRANGE CASE OF HEN-PECKED HARRY



FROM THE MOMENT HARRY HORTON SLIPPED A MARRIAGE BAND ON HIS WIFE'S FINGER, HE WAS AT WAR WITH HER! SHE GAVE HIM NO PEACE, NO REST, NO MERCY.. SHE MOCKED HIM, CRITICIZED HIM, NAGGED HIM, SCREAMED AT HIM, STRUCK HIM. HE WAS A FOOL, A BUNGLER, A FAILURE, AN IMBECILE! -- NOTHING HE EVER DID WAS RIGHT. -- SO, IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THINGS TURNED OUT SO WRONG IN-- "THE STRANGE CASE OF HEN-PECKED HARRY"???



...BUT 'TWON'T DO NO GOOD! SHE'LL YELL
JUST THE SAME! YOU'LL HEAR HER
WAY UP AND DOWN THE COURT!

LET'S GET UPSTAIRS
FAST, SO'S WE CAN
LISTEN!

UPSTAIRS-- HELEN!! I'M SORRY
I'M LATE!!

YOU MEAN
YOU'LL BE
SORRIER!

H-HELEN! PLEASE...! I-I-
CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!

BONG

ZING



THERE IS NO EXPLANATION! YOU'RE LATE!
DELIBERATELY LATE! YOU DO IT TO EX-
ASPERATE ME! YOU KNOW I'VE GOT
LAMB CHOPS FOR SUPPER, IN THE OVEN!
NOT ONLY DO I HAVE TO COOK, CLEAN,
AND WORK FOR YOU, BUT I HAVE TO PUT
UP WITH ALL YOUR WICKED, MALICIOUS
TRICKS!

BUT HELEN, IT'S THE
FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN
LATE IN A YEAR!



LOOK AT THAT PAPER! LOOK HOW CRUMPLED
IT IS! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU
I WANT TO READ THE PAPER FIRST!

I F-FORGOT...



AND IS THIS WHERE YOU PUT YOUR OVERCOAT?
IS THAT WHY I KEEP THE HOUSE CLEAN?
--FOR YOU TO THROW YOUR DIRTY OVER-
COAT ALL OVER THE FURNITURE?

HELEN, THE COAT'S NOT
DIRTY... I JUST....
OH-H-H-H-



LOOK WHAT YOU TRUCKED INTO THE HOUSE!!
ALL THE DIRT IN THE STREET! LOOK AT
THAT CARPET, YOU FOOL! JUST LOOK AT
IT... IT'S
RUINED!

G-GOSH, HOW DID
THAT HAPPEN...?

HOW DID IT HAPPEN, YOU IMBECILE??
HOW DO ALL THE STUPID THINGS YOU
DO, HAPPEN? BECAUSE YOU'RE A NUMB-
SKULL - A TORTURER, A CURSE ON MY
MARRIED LIFE!

BUT...
BUT...



HALF HOUR LATER...

THANK GOD SHE'S
LEAVING... IF I
HEARD HER VOICE
ANOTHER MINUTE,
I WOULD GO MAD!

--AND IF YOU THINK I'M STAYING
HERE ANOTHER MINUTE WITH A
NUMBSKULL LIKE YOU, YOU'RE CRAZIER
THAN I THINK YOU ARE!--AND YOU
KNOW HOW CRAZY THAT IS!



MAD AS A
MURDERER!



SHORTLY AFTER--

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THESE LAMB CHOPS! WHAT WAS SHE COMPLAINING ABOUT? FOOLISH QUESTION! WHAT DOES SHE EVER COMPLAIN ABOUT?

NO SENSE STAYING HOME ALONE! I'LL GO TO A MOVIE! THE MOVIE TICKETS ARE IN THE UPPER DRAWER OF THE BUREAU!...

THERE IT IS! HOLD ON!--I DIDN'T KNOW HELEN KEPT HER LIFE INSURANCE POLICY HERE---



INSIDE--

EEEEE

NO MORE WILL YOU TORMENT ME --NO MORE! NO MORE-- DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!



HUH! THAT'S NO WAY TO PULL A MURDER! NO WONDER HE GETS CAUGHT IN THE END!

YOU'VE GOT TO BE CLEVER... MUCH CLEVERER!



THE NEXT EVENING...
SMART OF ME TO GET FRANKIE
TO PUNCH MY TIME CARD!
THAT FIFTEEN MINUTES MARGIN
GIVES ME A PERFECT ALIBI!



THERE'S HELEN! NOW TO
TRAIL HER TO THE SUBWAY
WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED!



IF SHE ONLY KNEW WHERE
SHE'S REALLY GOING, SHE
WOULDN'T HURRY LIKE THAT!



HELEN ALWAYS STANDS AT THE FRONT OF THE
PLATFORM... SHE LIKES GETTING A SEAT, BUT
TONIGHT, SHE'LL BE A TRIFLE DISAPPOINTED!



AH, SHE'S AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE
PLATFORM! SINCE IT IS RUSH HOUR...
A LITTLE COMMOTION--A LITTLE PUSHING,
IS ONLY NATURAL!



STOP READIN', GERT! I HEAR
THE TRAIN COMIN'--

NOW-- TO PRETEND THAT
SOMEBODY'S PUSHING ME!

R-R-R-R-R



H-HEY! WHATSA IDEA OF PUSHING!
CAN'TCHA WAIT FOR A SEAT?



AS THE TRAIN ROARS IN--

STOP PUSHING!

HEY!
LOOK OUT!

OHHHH!

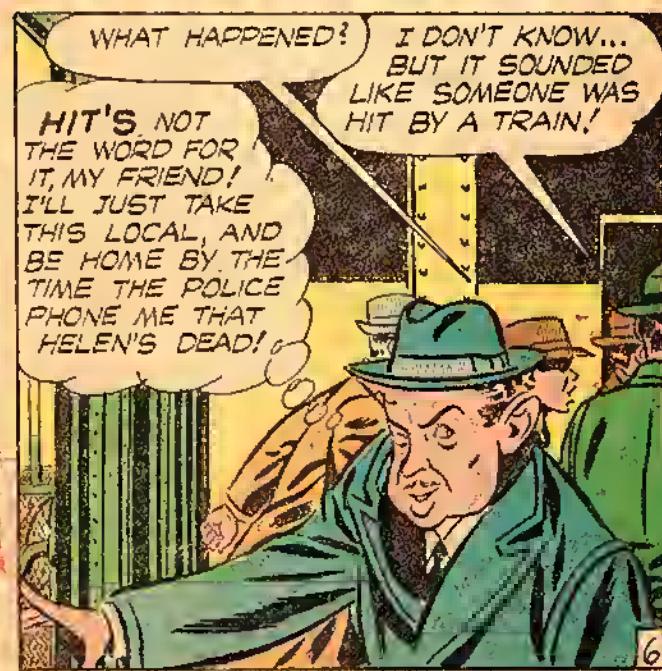
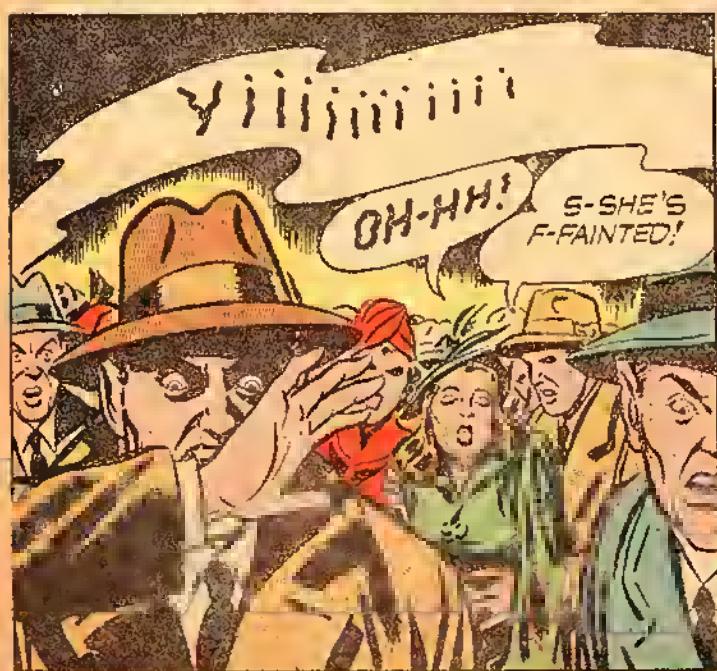
A WOMAN FELL
OFF THE PLATFORM!

SHE'LL BE
KILLED!

EEEEEE!

H-HELP!

YEOWW!



SHORTLY AFTER--

I NEVER SEEN ANYBODY SO MANGLED TO PIECES IN MY LIFE! SHE AIN'T A WOMAN ANYMORE -- SHE'S A MESS!

MEANWHILE, AS THE LOCAL MOVES THROUGH THE TUBES--

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S CAUSING THE ROAR IN MY EARS? MUST BE THE EXCITEMENT OF HELEN'S DEATH!

MINUTES LATER--

RRRR-RR RR

BUT THE NOISE DOESN'T GO AWAY...IT'S LOUDER! W-WHAT CAN IT BE? I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING BUT THE NOISE... JUST THE NOISE!

WELL, THE NEXT STATION'S MINE! MAYBE IF I GET OUT OF THE SUBWAY, IT'LL DIS-APPEAR!

BUT NOW IT'S WORSE! THE TRAIN'S GONE, YET IT'S AS IF THE TRAIN'S EVEN CLOSER THAN BEFORE!

RR RRRRRR



THANK GOODNESS, I'M HOME! I CAN TAKE SOMETHING TO RELIEVE THAT HORRIBLE ROARING NOISE! HOW'LL I HEAR THE TELEPHONE WHEN THE POLICE CALL ABOUT HELEN?

RRR



HELLO, HARRY! AREN'T YOU HOME EARLY TO NIGHT?

YOU!



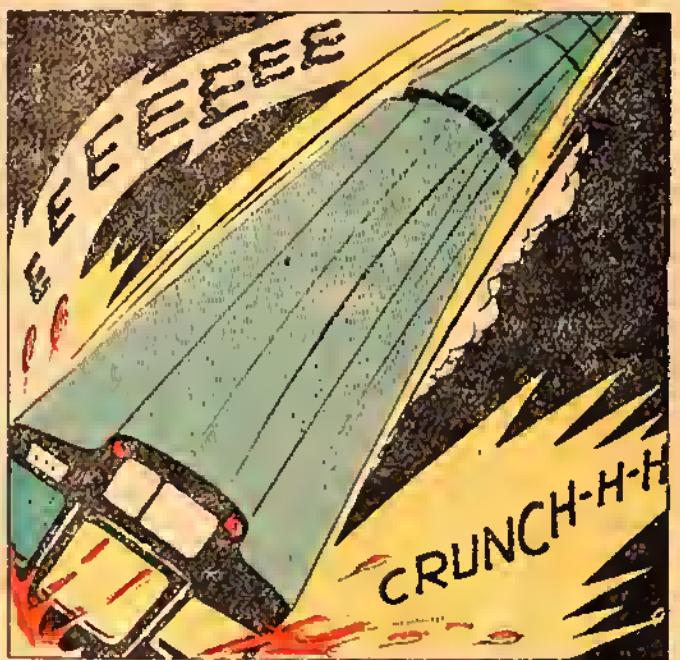
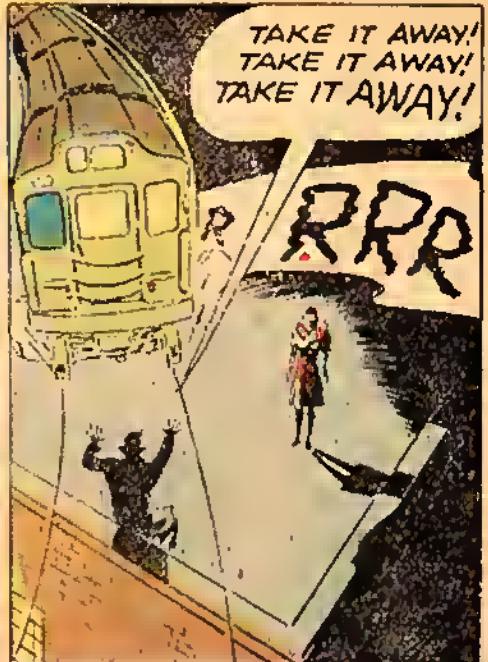
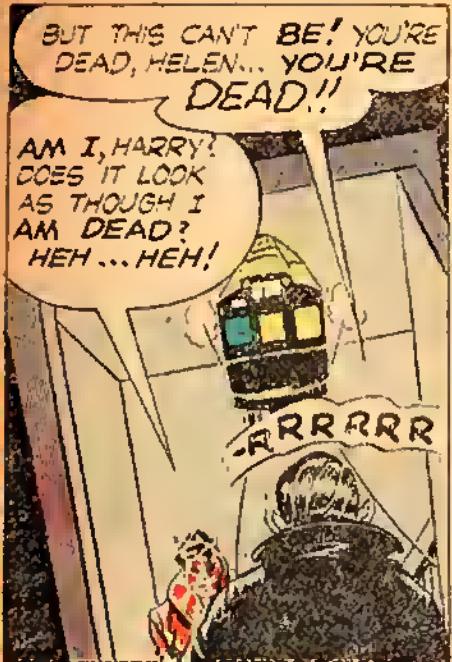
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, HARRY--WITHOUT ME?

THE NOISE! THE NOISE! A SUBWAY TRAIN! I CAN SEE IT! THERE IT IS-- COMING FOR ME--

AIEEE!

RRR RRRR RRRR





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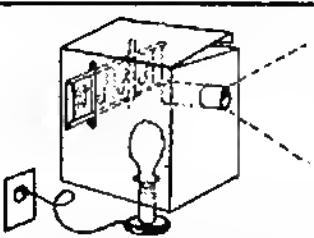
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